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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE opening sessions of the Labour Party Conference at Blackpool have been rational and moderate in tone. The address of the Chairman, Mr. F. O. Roberts, M.P., contained only one sentence which the Tories could pounce upon as an indiscretion—"The blight of 'economy' has stayed the proper progress of education and the social services"—and in this matter, as our readers know, our sympathies are with Mr. Roberts. On Tuesday, the Conference passed a resolution instructing its Executive to prepare a pro-

gramme for the next General Election. On Wednesday, Mr. MacDonald moved a resolution calling for the repeal of the Eight Hours Act, the regulation of the supply of labour in the coal-mines, adequate provision on national lines for the maintenance of those for whom work is not available, compulsory grouping and amalgamation of mines, and the establishment of selling agencies. Though he prided himself on the practicality of this programme, Mr. MacDonald stated that "if a Labour Government came into office it was going to take upon itself the duty of nationalizing the mines," and we remain in doubt as to which of the two policies is now officially advocated by the Party. In supporting the resolution, Mr. Herbert Smith, the Miners' President, made the welcome announcement that in future "they were going to fight through the ballot-box instead of through women's and children's stomachs."

* * *

An interesting resolution, moved by Mr. Clynes, proposes the establishment of a National Employment and Development Board for preventing unemployment "by an ordered and scientific development of the country's natural resources, industries, and services," but, so far as can be judged from an abridged report of his speech, Mr. Clynes did not develop the idea, but confined himself to attacking the Government for their neglect of the unemployment problem. Wednesday's session closed with the defeat of an attempt to get a vote of the Conference in support of the demand for birth-control information at public maternity centres. The executive declared that the subject was not one which should be made a party political issue, and a motion to refer back this item in the report was negatived by 2,885,000 votes to 275,000. The proposed surtax is to be discussed on Friday.

* * *

We go to press as the Conservative Party Conference assembles at Cardiff and before Mr. Baldwin delivers his promised address. On Tuesday, however, the TIMES published a leading article on the chief topics of the Conference which is worth noting, if only for its cheerful cynicism:—

"If there are any two peculiarly safe predictions about the immediate future of our domestic politics," says the TIMES, "they are, first, that House of Lords Reform will go no farther (if so far) than the rectification of the present method of certifying Money Bills; and, second, that women will get the vote at twenty-one."

After chaffing the delegates at Cardiff and telling them that the most important item on their programme is the resolution that will limit the attendance in future years, the TIMES returns to the question of the "Flappers' Vote," and declares "with all respect to Dame Millicent Fawcett" that "there was never any question of justice or of high principles involved in it," concluding that,

"though the case for anticipating opponents is by no means always a sound one, in this instance at all events

it is overwhelming. The Conservative Party may fairly secure such credit as attaches to the termination of a manifest anomaly."

Finally, as to the question of "the ultimate composition of the House of Lords . . .

"It cannot be decided this week or this year, but it is one in which the Conservative Party is pre-eminently qualified to give a lead to the rest."

* * *

The Home Secretary announces that he has decided to appoint a committee to hold an inquiry into police methods, following the recent successful appeals of Major Murray and Mr. Champain. The committee, we are told, will consist of Sir William Horwood, the Commissioner of Police, or some other high official of Scotland Yard, together with representatives of the Home Office and several prominent public men. "The question raised by recent cases has attracted so much public attention that the Home Secretary feels that a small inter-Departmental inquiry would not meet the case." It has not yet been decided whether the Committee will meet in public or not, nor does this greatly matter. The important point is that the question should not be dealt with merely as a criticism of police methods and dismissed with a formal vindication of the integrity of the force. Policy, rather than methods, should be reconsidered, and it may be found that small changes both in law and practice are required, as our correspondent Mr. Walling suggests in the admirable letter we publish this week, to make the persecution of innocent persons impossible.

* * *

The series of conferences which are being held on the L.M.S. Railway between the officials and local representatives of the railwaymen mark an exceedingly interesting development in industrial relations. The purpose of the conferences is to build up a systematic practice of consultation between management and staff with a view to increasing the efficiency and economy of the railway service and thus increasing railway traffic. It is a noteworthy step that an important company should give such striking evidence that it recognizes how much it stands to gain from listening to the suggestions and drawing on the experience of its manual workers. It is no less noteworthy that an important union, whose traditions have been fairly militant, should respond so cordially to such approaches. The development is a tribute to the statesmanship of Sir Josiah Stamp and to the confidence which he inspires; and also to the present leadership of the railway unions.

* * *

The New Zealand Parliament's vote of £1,000,000 towards the cost of the Singapore base appears to have been actuated by the belief that its construction is indispensable to the defence of New Zealand itself. This seems to us to be a curious delusion. Could the Grand Fleet have protected Great Britain against invasion from a base at Halifax? The distances are about equivalent. It is one of the strongest arguments against the Singapore base that it is ill-placed to defend anything except the Malay Peninsula against attack, except on the supposition that it is a stepping-stone to offensive operations in the Pacific, and that it thus acquires a provocative character, only too likely to lead to a situation necessitating the construction of defensive bases in Australia and New Zealand, the need for which the Washington Treaty appeared to have ruled out.

* * *

Although the celebration of Marshal von Hindenburg's eightieth birthday has not been accompanied by

the absolute truce from party strife for which he asked, his appeal for friendship and goodwill has certainly been responded to. It is rather remarkable that a presidential election which caused such apprehensions of a revival of pan-Germanism and militant nationalism, should have done so much to keep them in check. It might be thought that the President's previous training gave him no preparation whatever for the duties that he has performed so successfully, but the sense of duty which long years of military service impressed upon a character naturally stern and conscientious, appears to have carried him through. His way of looking at his presidential duties was military in the best sense of the word. A President had much work to do, and he would do it best by regarding it as ordinary business, and detaching it from political theory. His quarrel with Ludendorff—or rather Ludendorff's quarrel with him—was typical of his attitude. This practical, conscientious outlook upon affairs has brought the President out of at least five bitter controversies, and has united all Germany in expressing its thanks at a time when any unanimous expression of feeling is of the greatest benefit to the country.

* * *

The text has now been published of the notes exchanged between Paris and Washington on the new French import duties which have given rise to agitation in the United States. The situation, it is recalled, is the outcome of the recent Franco-German commercial agreement, and in stating its position the State Department is, of course, obliged to admit that the United States tariff law did not contemplate the conclusion of a reciprocal treaty. The French take the view that the next move lies with Washington. They have made proposals for a reduction of 50 per cent. in certain cases, and this, it is contended, might well call forth a gesture of goodwill on the part of the United States. Under the Fordney Tariff Act the President is empowered to order a 50 per cent. reduction, on finding that the cost of production abroad warrants such action. But this would mean a straight reduction, not a preferential one, since the American Act applies to all imports alike. That is one difficulty. Another, of equal gravity, is that the Coolidge Administration stands upon the high-tariff doctrine. The President's discretion has been used continually for the raising of duties. Mr. Coolidge is devoted to the tariff. He is in the habit of presenting it to the public as a main cause of American prosperity, and when this exciting dispute with France began the Republican Party was getting ready to enter upon the presidential campaign with the usual high-tariff display. Mr. Coolidge at the moment can do no more than express regret that this discrimination against American goods is hard to reconcile with the long-enduring friendship between the two countries.

* * *

Mexico, while preparing for a general election, has been plunged into a revolutionary situation upon which a strict Government censorship has been clamped. The affair began with a serious mutiny of the troops in Mexico City and other places. President Calles and his predecessor, General Obregon, acted with the swiftest decision. One rebel General, Serrano, was captured, along with thirteen of his principal followers. They were immediately court-martialled and shot. Many others were dealt with in the same summary fashion, and at the time of writing General Gomez, a second insurgent leader, is described as being in imminent peril of capture. The rebellion, which appears to be wide-

spread, directed against the re-election of the President. There is no mistaking the drastic measures of the Government. They include the calling out of the air force, and are accompanied by intimations that President Calles and General Obregon, will stop at nothing in their determination to stamp out the rising. It is a reasonable guess that the influences at work are not wholly political, and perhaps not wholly Mexican.

* * *

The latest news from Egypt is reassuring. Nahas Pasha, the newly elected Leader of the Wafd, has had an interview with Sarwat Pasha, and it is reported that he promised the whole-hearted support of his party to the existing coalition Cabinet. It is too early, of course, to say how far he will be able to implement his promise; but the general feeling in Egypt seems to be that the state of tension created by the death of Zaghlul Pasha has been considerably eased. The present coalition between the Wafd and the Liberals has at least given Egypt a Government genuinely representative of the country, and at the same time capable of conducting negotiations with Great Britain on a friendly basis. If its maintenance ends, as seems likely, in a secession of the most extreme elements in the Wafd itself, Nahas Pasha will find his position all the easier. In the meantime both he and Sarwat Pasha have a strong claim on the patience and sympathy of Great Britain, while they are engaged in laying the foundations of the new regime.

* * *

The situation created by the South African Government's Flag Bill is becoming steadily worse. The bitterness of the speeches on both sides is increasing, and there has been serious disorder and rioting at meetings promoted by the South African Party. On the face of it, there is a good deal to be said for the Government's proposal for a purely neutral flag, side by side with which the Union Jack, as typifying the Imperial connection, should be flown on public occasions. At the same time, it should have been obvious that the arguments used against the incorporation of the Union Jack as a part of the South African flag itself, were bound to cause irritation and suspicion among the English-speaking population, and to re-awaken the fears of a secession policy being followed by the Nationalists. It is easy to say that both sides have shown themselves unreasonable. That is probably true; but the onus for the present situation must rest on the Government which insisted on forcing through the Bill, and rejected the very sensible proposal to leave the question in suspense until the new atmosphere created by General Hertzog's attitude at the Imperial Conference had calmed the passions of both sides, and brought some hope of an agreed settlement.

* * *

The discovery of certain activities, especially at Salonika, on the part of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization has led to representations from the Greek to the Bulgarian Government as to the necessity for stricter measures to prevent the intrusion of Komitajis into Greek territory. The remarkable point about the incident, however, is that the representations appear to have been of a friendly character, and the Greek Press has hastened to acquit the Bulgarian Government of any complicity in the plots. The increasing disposition to treat reasonably and temperately incidents that, a few years ago, would have been magnified into serious international complications, is a new and very welcome feature of Balkan politics, for which credit must be

given both to the Governments concerned, and to the moderating influence of the League. It is satisfactory, too, that a renewed outbreak of Pangalist plots in Greece has been dealt with on normal lines by the judicial authorities, and that the plotters seem to have met with no success in their attempt to stir up renewed political action in the Army.

* * *

The official list of members of the Spanish National Consultative Assembly is now nearly complete. The Assembly will be a curious body, nominated mainly by the Government, but representative of the municipalities, the liberal professions, arts, agriculture, industry, commerce, and journalism, as well as of various Government Departments and the Patriotic Union. It is noteworthy that it contains sixteen women. It remains to be seen how many of those nominated will accept their seats. Several eminent Liberals have already declined the invitation extended to them. They would perhaps have done better service to Spain by taking their seats and making their voices heard in the Assembly; but their refusal should bring home to the Marquis de Estella the inherent difficulties of creating a "representative" body, by the means that are now being employed. The Marquis now anticipates a return to Parliamentary Government in three years' time; but it remains to be seen whether the Consultative Assembly will really be able to help him along this difficult road. Meanwhile a new revolutionary plot has been discovered and suppressed. It seems to have had little importance, but the censorship makes it impossible to judge its real significance.

* * *

The terrible Mississippi floods have been followed by a tornado which has laid a great part of the city of St. Louis desolate. The actual death-roll was under a hundred, but a large number of people were injured, and immense damage was done both to business property and to private residences, leaving some thousands of people homeless. If we are sometimes tempted to envy the American people the immensity of the natural resources at their command, it is only fitting that we should extend a very real sympathy to those who are exposed to the ravages of natural forces of which we can hardly form an adequate idea. The Southern States in particular have made marvellous progress during recent years, and their liability to such disasters as that which has just overwhelmed St. Louis enhances the greatness of their achievement.

* * *

At intervals the War Office issue a pathetic appeal to ex-soldiers to claim their medals. According to a statement this week they have on their hands apparently many thousands of medals unwanted by those who are entitled to them, and no doubt are obliged to keep a small staff to deal with belated applications. The utter indifference shown by many ex-soldiers to their decorations is a queer illustration of how far they have put the war behind them. So much is this so that they will not even trouble to send their name and address on a postcard to the War Office. And yet these war medals have at least some personal significance in so far as the name of the recipient is engraved on each. This alone, one assumes, may lend some interest to them to future generations. It is possible, however, that besides wanting no reminder of a tragic period of their lives, the careless attitude of these ex-soldiers reflects also a silent protest against the trumpery nature of the token of their active service.

DISARMAMENT NEXT

THE most satisfactory decision reached by the Eighth Assembly, which came to an end last week, was to press on energetically with the League's effort to secure a general limitation and reduction of armaments. The Preparatory Commission is to meet again in November with instructions to hasten the completion of its technical work and to convene a full Disarmament Conference immediately that work has been completed. This was by no means a foregone conclusion. The failure of the Three-Powers Naval Conference was followed by much despairing talk of the indefinite postponement of all attempts at disarmament, and the Assembly opened in an atmosphere of discouragement and confusion which seemed likely to smother all measures of a practical character. Fortunately the combined wisdom of more than twenty Foreign Ministers, assisted by the shock tactics of Sir Austen Chamberlain and the suave statesmanship of Herr Stresemann, was equal to the occasion; the comprehensive resolution which we reproduce at the end of this article was unanimously adopted, and perseverance with the League's disarmament work assured.

It is essential, in our view, that some reduction of armaments should be achieved in the near future if the League is to succeed in its main purpose of preventing war. The next step must be in that direction. The invaluable economic work of the League and its other ameliorative activities will, of course, go on. The Council will deal more or less effectively with any sudden crisis which may arise between the smaller Powers, returning, we may hope, to its form in dealing with the Græco-Bulgarian dispute, rather than following the more recent precedent of indefinite postponement. But if the more powerful nations continue to pile up great armaments, another conflagration will sooner or later overwhelm the world, whatever machinery may have been created for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. The ultimate triumph of the League idea can only be reached through disarmament. And the dangers of delay are very great. If we do not press forward, we shall drift backwards. The process of invention is continually producing more efficient and more costly implements of destruction. In the absence of agreed limitation, competition in armaments inevitably goes on, with its attendant demons of fear and suspicion. It is disastrous to wait for a more favourable opportunity, for we have to face the probability that, if nothing is done, the situation will grow less favourable. For one thing, Germany cannot be expected to accept unilateral disarmament for an interminable period.

These considerations are perfectly familiar to all supporters of the League. The question upon which there must necessarily be many opinions is concerned not with the need for disarmament but the method by which it may be achieved. Here, too, there is common ground. Arbitration (and Conciliation), Security, and Disarmament must go hand in hand. No great progress can be made with any of these three without the other two. It proved useless to summon a disarmament conference in the midst of European anarchy before the war. In our view, it is equally futile to aim at

complete security before disarmament. The three methods of promoting peace and world order must be developed simultaneously, and at present disarmament has lagged dangerously behind.

In saying this, we must not be understood to propose that the evolution of machinery for the peaceful settlement of international disputes should be checked until some limitation of armaments has been obtained. We made it clear in a recent issue that, in our opinion, the British Government should sign the Optional Clause and join in a whole-hearted renunciation of war, and we adhere to this view after giving full weight to the considerations put forward by Dr. McNair. We believe that the development of international law would be assisted by a more general use of the Court, and, to that end, we are prepared even to risk a year's imprisonment in Ruritania if we ever venture into that romantic country. Meanwhile, it will be noted with satisfaction that the important work of Codification has been rescued by the Assembly from an attempt to interrupt it for the sake of a paltry reduction of the League's budget.

Along the road which has been labelled "Security," Great Britain has travelled as far as we believe she ought to go in the present circumstances of the world, and manifestly as far as the general trend of public opinion will allow her to go in the direction of guaranteeing the frontiers of other States. Sir Austen Chamberlain performed a useful if disagreeable service to the Assembly by making it clear at an early meeting that this road is closed to us, and thus diverting the attention of constructive minds into other channels. Those who are anxious to extend the scope of Britain's obligations to provide military assistance abroad may be roughly divided into three groups.

First, the Continental realists who would like to stereotype the present map of Europe and to secure by complicated guarantees that the question of territorial readjustments shall never be raised with any hope of success. To these, the hope of extending Britain's Locarno obligations to the Eastern frontiers of Germany was very dear. It is true that Germany has undertaken not to attempt to alter any of her frontiers by force, but this was not enough for some of her neighbours who would have liked to have made it hopeless for frontier questions to be raised at all. Sir Austen's outburst appears to have convinced this group that, for the present at any rate, there is nothing to be got from Britain towards their ends.

Secondly, the Protocol idea is attractive to some of the smaller States, such as Norway, who cannot be suspected of motives in the least degree sinister, but to whom the prospect of strengthening the general guarantee of the Covenant is attractive since it would increase their security without entailing for them substantial obligations. To these States the answer of Sir Austen Chamberlain was intelligible if not convincing, as was shown by the generous passage in Dr. Nansen's speech which we quoted last week.

Thirdly, there are the League enthusiasts, mainly, we suspect, British, whose object is to complete the structure of organized peace, to close the gaps in the Covenant and to abolish war. We cannot help doubting whether all the members of this last group have,

even now, fully realized and weighed the risks of the course they advocate. Some of them are people who would be opposed to Great Britain going to war in any cause, however excellent, yet they cheerfully propose to give binding undertakings to intervene in circumstances which can be only dimly foreseen! The main virtue which is claimed for the "principles of the Protocol," that they provide a watertight and complete system, really makes them inapplicable to an imperfect world. Flexibility, not rigidity, is surely required in any arrangements for keeping the peace among the heterogeneous Members of the League, to say nothing of the States outside. A watertight system might involve us in war in a cause for which we felt no enthusiasm, in support of an obstinate State which had a technical case for resisting reasonable change. Have our Protocolists envisaged the miserable situation in which our countrymen would then be placed: having to choose between the breach of solemn international engagements and participation in a war of which they disapproved? Have they faced the inevitable consequences of such a dilemma to the whole structure of the League? To us it seems rather hard that those who are not prepared to bind future generations to go to war in unknowable circumstances should be accused of a desire to preserve "the right of private war." We, at any rate, have not the slightest wish to preserve war of any kind.

The more we reflect on the various plans which have been put forward for strengthening the provisions of the Covenant, the more convinced we become that the Covenant as it stands is strong enough for all practicable and legitimate purposes. The action which any State will take in a sudden international crisis depends, after all, and will depend for many years to come, on the general outlook and temper of the Government and citizens of that State. Our object, then, should be to make such arrangements and undertakings as will ensure, as far as possible, that we shall, first, be in a position to decide accurately and rapidly which of the States in conflict is the wrongdoer; and, secondly, be willing to throw our weight against it. A Covenant-breaking State would be easily recognizable, and we trust that the sympathies of our fellow-countrymen would always be against a State which went to war without the delay and peace-efforts prescribed in the Covenant. But even that undertaking is formidable enough; to give further *general* undertakings would, in our judgment, be unwarrantable. Any other commitments should be not general but particular, and as definite and binding as possible, so that there may be no mistake or doubt about them. Our Locarno undertaking is of this character, and, formidable as it is, we believe that it was right to give it. There our contribution to "security" must end. But if, as the Assembly's resolution implies, there are other States willing to make Locarno-agreements among themselves, that is all to the good.

For us, the next task must be to move towards disarmament, in which our record is by no means so good. We are glad that the November meeting of the Preparatory Commission is to be heralded by a disarmament campaign in this country, and that Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Cecil are both participating in it. Unless public opinion can be roused from apathy on this vital matter, there is little hope of progress.

THE ASSEMBLY'S RESOLUTION

Various interpretations are being placed on the Disarmament resolution passed by the Assembly. Mr. MacDonald said on Sunday that the British Government "were wise enough to climb down within a fortnight, and in the end they agreed that the British Empire might accommodate itself to the requirements of the 1924 Protocol . . ." The TIMES characterizes this as a "ridiculous statement." We reproduce the full text of the resolution below.—Editor, NATION.

THE Assembly,

"Noting the progress achieved in the technical sphere by the Preparatory Disarmament Commission and by the Committee of the Council towards enabling the Council to be rapidly convened and to take decisions in case of emergency;

"Being anxious to bring about the political conditions calculated to assure the success of the work of disarmament;

"Being convinced that the principal condition of this success is that every State should be sure of not having to provide unaided for its security by means of its own armaments and should be able to rely also on the organised collective action of the League of Nations;

"Affirming that such action should aim *chiefly* at forestalling or arresting any resort to war and *if need be* at effectively protecting any State victim of an aggression;

"Being convinced that the burdens which may thereby be imposed on the different States will be the more readily accepted by them in proportion as

"(a) They are shared in practice by a greater number of States;

"(b) The individual obligations of States have been more clearly defined and limited;

"1. Recommends the progressive extension of arbitration by means of special or collective agreements, including agreements between States Members and non-Members of the League of Nations, so as to extend to all countries the mutual confidence essential to the complete success of the Conference on the Limitation and Reduction of Armaments;

"2. Recalls its resolution of September 24th, 1926, which reads as follows:

"'Being desirous that the investigations, in regard to which the Assembly itself took the initiative in its resolution of September 25th, 1925, should be brought to a successful conclusion as soon as possible, it requests the Council to call upon the Preparatory Commission to take steps to hasten the completion of the technical work and thus be able to draw up, at the beginning of next year, the programme for a Conference on the Limitation and Reduction of Armaments corresponding to existing conditions in regard to regional and general security, and it asks the Council to convene this Conference before the eighth ordinary session of the Assembly, unless material difficulties render this impossible.'

"Accordingly requests the Council to urge the Preparatory Commission to hasten the completion of its technical work and to convene the Conference on the Limitation and Reduction of Armaments immediately this work has been completed;

"3. Requests the Council to give the Preparatory Commission, whose task will not be confined to the preparation of an initial conference on the limitation and reduction of armaments, and whose work must continue until the final goal has been achieved, the necessary instructions for the creation without delay of a Committee consisting of representatives of all the States which have seats on the Commission and are Members of the League of Nations, other States represented on the Commission being invited to sit on it if they so desire.

"This Committee would be placed at the Commission's disposal and its duty would be to consider, on the lines in-

dictated by the Commission, the measures capable of giving all States the guarantees of arbitration and security necessary to enable them to fix the level of their armaments at the lowest possible figures in an international disarmament agreement.

"The Assembly considers that these measures should be sought :

"In action by the League of Nations with a view to promoting, generalising, and co-ordinating special or collective agreements on arbitration and security ;

"In the systematic preparation of the machinery to be employed by the organs of the League of Nations with a view to enabling the Members of the League to perform their obligations under the various articles of the Covenant ;

"In agreements which the States Members of the League may conclude among themselves, irrespective of their obligations under the Covenant, with a view to making their commitments proportionate to the degree of solidarity of a geographical or other nature existing between them and other States ;

"And, further, in an invitation from the Council to the several States to inform it of the measures which they would be prepared to take, irrespective of their obligations under the Covenant, to support the Council's decisions or recommendations in the event of a conflict breaking out in a given region, each State indicating that, in a particular case, either all its forces, or a certain part of its military, naval or air forces, could forthwith intervene in the conflict to support the Council's decisions or recommendations."

THE BLANESBURGH FIASCO

THE text of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, which is to be the principal measure brought before Parliament during the autumn session, was issued at the end of last week. Its subject matter can hardly be said to possess the charm of novelty, since this is the fourteenth legislative enactment amending the "principal Act" of 1920 to come before Parliament in seven years. It is, however, one of the most important of the series.

The importance of the Bill, which is the sequel to the Report issued earlier in the year by the Blanesburgh Committee, is twofold ; one thing that it does, and one that it does not do, demand our earnest attention.

(1) It accepts the Committee's recommendation that the system of "extended" (formerly called "uncovenanted") benefit should finally be terminated—a proposal which carries with it the abolition of the discretionary power to regulate the award of extended benefit at present vested in the Minister, and which makes the right to benefit unconditional, where the statutory conditions have been fulfilled.

(2) It jettisons completely the financial proposals of the Committee. The line of least resistance is followed and the present financial arrangements are retained, very nearly as they stand, save that certain small modifications in benefit rates, recommended by the Committee, are to be carried into effect.

A little more must be said regarding each of these aspects of the Bill.

(1) The abolition of "extended" benefit, if carried through and rigidly adhered to, would remove from the existing system what is, theoretically speaking, the principal blot upon it—the progressive modification of its originally sound actuarial basis in face of a series of exceptional and unforeseen emergencies.

In a sense, the system as it is in force to-day is "actuarially" sound, i.e., the cost of it does, roughly, cover the risks of unemployment at its present level, with the continued payment of "extended" benefit to men for whom work is not likely to be found and whose contributions have long been exhausted. But these are not true risks ; they amount definitely, in view of the present incidence of unemployment, to the imposition of a dead-

weight charge upon certain industries, which pay at a much higher rate than their own unemployment-risk necessities in the interests of others. In the interest, particularly, of the coal-mining industry, which is saddled with about 200,000 surplus miners, who, as we have argued constantly in these columns, are not likely in the visible future to find employment again.

Under these circumstances, it is doubtful whether the abolition of "extended" benefit is a feasible solution of the problem. It does no more than postpone its consideration ; for once the 200,000 workless miners, and such other workers as are similarly placed, have completely exhausted their claim to benefit, the question which has been slurred over, year after year, by the simple expedient of continuing the "dole," will raise its head again. The State will assuredly be called upon to do something ; for the burden of dealing with the displaced miners cannot be laid upon the backs of the ratepayers in our "devastated areas"—who are largely miners themselves. The overhauling of the Unemployment Insurance scheme ought, then, to have been preceded by a special consideration of the problem of the coal-mines. The Blanesburgh Committee had no instructions on this point, and did nothing ; in a sense, then, its recommendations were irrelevant to what, it is now recognized, is the main issue before us. We strongly suspect that, in these circumstances, the provisions of the present Bill, like those originally contained in the principal Act, will not in fact come into force.

(2) Next, as to the finance of the Bill. The failure of the Government to incorporate in it the Blanesburgh proposals, which envisaged the payment of the benefits actually proposed in the Bill in return for contributions markedly less than those now being paid, has, in some quarters, aroused keen disappointment. For such disappointment there is, however, no justification. As we pointed out nearly eight months ago, when the Blanesburgh Committee reported, the calculations of that body, based as they were upon a "farrago of pseudo-science and irrelevance," had been drawn up without reference to the industrial situation to which they were supposed to be applicable. The Committee had blandly assumed that the level of unemployment would begin to oscillate, in the near future, about a norm of 700,000 or so, and recommended that the financial basis of the scheme might accordingly be overhauled in the light of this assumption. Unfortunately (as we have often argued in these columns) there is no reason to suppose that we are any nearer to a normal figure of 700,000 than we were three years ago. Our live register figure fell rapidly after the cessation of the coal stoppage, under the influence of the temporary spurt in trade activity which followed the reopening of the mines. But it only fell to the level of a million, which represents $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of unemployment, not the 6 per cent. assumed by the Committee to be "normal" ; and at that million level it has obstinately remained. The Government, then, has taken, as has long been obvious it must take, the common-sense view of the situation. It cannot at present afford to cut down contributions to the Fund unless it also cuts down benefits, and it cannot cut down benefits without gravely impairing the social usefulness of the scheme.

To say this is not to say that the system as it stands is ideal. In our opinion, the State ought to contribute a higher proportion of the total cost of benefit than it does, in view of the fact—already stressed—that the incidence of unemployment is so largely upon a limited group of industries, the desperate condition of which constitutes a national problem.

The Bill proposes a number of administrative changes, which we have not here space to criticize in detail. The most important of these are :—

(1) A reduction in the rate of benefit obtainable by young persons between eighteen and twenty-one ;

(2) An adjustment in the rates of benefit payable to single and married men respectively, to the advantage of the latter ;

(3) A modification of the present rules forbidding claimants to benefit to seek work outside the industry or trade in which they are insured. This last proposal, which, if put into effect, may have far-reaching consequences, is likely to be hotly disputed, both by those who favour it

and those who believe that it conceals another attack upon trade unionism. For ourselves, we regard it as sensible. All these proposals are in accordance with the recommendations of the Committee, which, if it failed lamentably to get its main problems into perspective, contrived to explore these administrative issues intelligently enough.

The Bill is an admirable example of the sloppiness of our legislative technique, with its characteristic vice, legislation by reference. It is unintelligible to the ordinary reader, since it contains references to at least eight other statutes, each of which has already, by a process of continued amendment, been altered out of all recognition. The Government might reasonably have offered us something in the shape of a consolidating Act. That they have not attempted to do so suggests that they themselves are conscious of the inadequacy of their present approach to the problem. In a short time the labours of the Blanesburgh Committee will have been forgotten, and the meagre fruits of their activity, now before us, largely superseded.

THE WEIR HOUSE

By A CHAIRMAN OF A HOUSING COMMITTEE.

SOME two years ago, when Lord Weir was giving endless interviews, and broadcasting advertisements of the Weir house, I wrote an article in *THE NATION* expressing a few of the technical considerations that made many students of building and housing hesitate to accept all that was said and written about this alternative method of construction. I was in no way influenced in my objections to the Weir house by political prejudice, and indeed, as a Conservative and Municipal Reformer, appreciated to the full the point of view expressed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir John Gilmour, and others, in favour of trying to discover means of building working-class houses, with materials other than brick, concrete, or stone, that would bring down the high costs, and would therefore enable houses to be built that could be let at rents within the reach of those members of the working class who cannot possibly afford more than 4s. 6d. to 5s. a week for their homes. But the extremely conditional and timid approval given by the Committee of the Ministry of Health, of which Sir Ernest Moir was Chairman, and the caution with which Mr. Neville Chamberlain has always spoken, were sufficient warning to most members of local authorities not to rush precipitately to build Weir houses.

The recent history of these houses is well known to all engaged in Municipal government. A few demonstration pairs were built in England, largely at the expense of the taxpayer. The London County Council's experts examined the system carefully, and there were built a pair of demonstration houses at Downham. Colonel Levita, Chairman of the L.C.C. Housing Committee, preferred the Atholl steel house, and 240 of these are now almost completed on the Watling Estate at Hendon. In the rest of England and Wales the Weir house was not widely adopted.

The position, however, is different in Scotland. Many Weir houses have been built in Fife in connection with the sugar beet development, and in certain colliery areas in Lanarkshire. A very strong effort was made to persuade local authorities to build this type in Scotland, but in spite of the obvious and genuine sympathy expressed in speeches by the Prime Minister, and the offer of increased subsidies, Local Authorities have stood aloof. Then the Government, acting through the Scottish Board of Health, formed the Second Scottish National Housing Company, and built 2,000 houses entirely at the taxpayers' expense in Scotland. The majority of these are Weir houses, and during a recent

visit to Scotland, I took the opportunity of examining many of them personally, and conversing with the tenants.

Three points impressed me at the outset. In the first place, the tenants are of a very respectable class, and have obviously been most carefully chosen. They are socially superior for the most part to the tenants of Corporation houses near by. They are certainly not from the lower grades in overcrowded slum districts, and every house that I visited was very clean, and well cared for. Secondly, it seemed to me that the Weir houses near Glasgow and Edinburgh, which are, of course, more exposed to public sight and criticism, are superior in finish to those in more inaccessible parts. Thirdly, in spite of the urgent demand for houses in Scotland, I was surprised to find Weir houses vacant at Dundee.

An account of a typical conversation may explain why local Corporations have not adopted Weir houses, and have not shown any enthusiasm in helping the Government to find sites even if the State pays the bill. I spoke to a woman occupying a Weir bungalow at Lochend in Edinburgh. She was the wife of an engine-driver. At first she said that she was "quite comfortable," but when she heard that I came from London on purpose to discover the truth about the houses, she poured out her troubles. In the first place, the hot-water system had never worked properly. The grate had been changed, but still there was not a regular supply of hot water. Further, her husband had suffered a shock one day, when he was sleeping quietly after a night on duty, for the chimney suddenly fell in through the roof, and into the bedroom. [At Clydebank, near Glasgow, I was told of a number of chimneys that were blown over by a gale, which had, however, failed to displace chimneys of other types of houses near by.] My informant then told me there were constant leakages from the roof. This defect has always been prophesied by experts, for in order to save money, there is no sarking in the roof of a Weir bungalow, but the tiles are simply hung on battens, and I have seen myself the sky visible through the roof of a Weir "flatted" type of house completed only a few months ago. The good woman then told me that her front door had split so badly that it had to be replaced. There were a number of other defects.

Her story was typical of conversations with tenants. The house is simply a light timber house with steel plates attached, and it was misleading to suggest that it was "steel." At Dundee I examined the ruins of one burnt down where the tenant had to escape hurriedly through the window. At Bo'ness a fire gutted the house so quickly, so it is said, that the tenant, who was an Insurance Agent, had not even time to rescue some forty £1 notes that he had taken the day before.

Such are the facts, and in giving them bluntly, I am not animated in any way with the feeling, most injudiciously and unfairly expressed to my mind by the Labour Party, that Lord Weir originally designed the house as a means of "downing the Trade Unions." In itself, the method of construction represents an honest effort to apply engineering methods to housing. But undoubtedly up to the present the effort has failed, and the houses erected must be a considerable source of expense to all responsible. On several of the estates where there are Weir houses, workmen are kept perpetually busy changing grates, stopping leakages, and on other minor repairs. If as a result of the decreased subsidy at the end of September, there is a further fall in the cost of brick and stone houses, as may generally be expected, we are not likely to hear very much more of this emergency type. It may be left to the Government to "cut their losses" by selling the houses at the best price they can obtain.

LIFE AND POLITICS

I DO not remember a less aggressive chairman's speech than that in which Mr. Roberts opened the Labour Party Conference on Monday. Its moderation verged on conservatism. The word Socialism was never mentioned except under the euphemistic phrase of "a policy in harmony with the needs of our time." Still more remarkable, Mr. Roberts got through his address without a single gibe at the Liberal Party. It is clear that the policy of the party at this Conference is governed by the nearness of a general election and the need for putting forward a programme calculated to conciliate the great body of moderate reformers. The official resolutions contain singularly little with which Liberals need to quarrel, though, of course, competent economists cannot accept the financial basis of the new income tax. A stronger stand than ever before is to be made against the Communist disrupters. We are to have presented to us by a skilful selection of the least controversial elements in the repertoire of policies a soothing programme of reform. The Left Wingers will rage, but then they would do that in any case. Mr. MacDonald and his friends are intent on making no mistake which would ruin in advance their appeal to the country as men to whom it will be safe to entrust the next Administration. They are not forgetting the possibility of another spell of minority government, hence the discreet postponement of the usual anti-Liberal polemics. What impresses me in the general lines of this election manifesto is the extremely wide field it allows for co-operation. It is only in the chairman's speech that the Liberal Party is ignored; the thought of a revived party is urgently present in every calculation of the makers of policy.

Mr. Roberts's general arraignment of Mr. Baldwin and his failure to square performance with promise was sound, commonplace Opposition stuff. It was perhaps a pity that in his anxiety to belabour the Government in a way satisfactory to everyone outside it, Mr. Roberts rather overdid his onslaught on Sir Austen Chamberlain. To describe the Foreign Secretary as "the leader of international reaction" is quite unconvincing and may be mischievous abroad. There are powerful anti-Leaguers on the Continent whose book would be exactly suited if that impression can be made to prevail. I think I know the case against Sir Austen fairly well, but to call him the leader of international reaction is a ridiculous exaggeration. It is a piece of clap-trap.

It has been left to Sir Alfred Mond to tell us what is the matter with the Conservative Party. We have all been wondering what exactly it was; a vague sense of dissatisfaction prevailed, but precise definition, such as comes easily to a powerful scientific mind, was wanting. This is the kind of mind Sir Alfred Mond notoriously possesses, and the other day, after disposing in a few scornful sentences of the remnants of the Liberal Party, he exposed the weaknesses of his new friends. The faults of the Conservative Party are two in number—the first is "a singular diffidence to proclaim the good works they were doing." I had not noticed this myself, but then Sir Alfred Mond is within the camp and sees where the defences are weak. He must know. The second fault is "a singular want of confidence in their power in the country." This, I am sure, will be news to Sir William Joynson-Hicks, but it will have a salutary effect if it rouses him and his like from their unnecessary modesty. Let Sir William Joynson-Hicks take courage, if Mr. Baldwin will not, and shed this "singular diffidence" and this "singular want of

confidence." The shrill tones of Sir Alfred Mond's trumpet summons him to action.

Precise definitions in politics are not always desirable; one might argue strongly for the value of the British habit of taking refuge in a comfortable vagueness. If people had been content to leave alone the ridiculous word "suzerainty" in the old South African controversy! I think, however, the time has come when something should be done to fix the legal meaning of "sovereignty" in relation to the mandated territories. Where does the sovereignty lie? In the Allied Powers? In the League? In the Mandatory Power? Or is it dormant in the inhabitants of the territory? The short answer is that no one has the least notion. The greatest international lawyers are apparently in the same fog about it as you or I. It is all the same a matter of urgent practical importance to decide, for a whole crop of awkward and insoluble problems have risen and are continually rising which in the absence of a settlement have to be shelved or smoothed over for the moment. We have recently heard of the oath of allegiance to the King which is required from members of the Assembly and officials, whether British or otherwise, in Tanganyika, precisely as it is required of the subjects in British colonies. Then there is the position created by the action of General Hertzog's Government in South-West Africa, the railways and harbours in that mandated area having been declared by Act of Parliament as vested in the Union "in full dominion." To the plain man it would appear that such things can only happen when the Governments concerned lay claim to sovereignty in the ordinary sense over the territories they presumably are allowed to administer as guardians. But, I repeat, nobody knows what the position is. The solution would seem to be that the Council of the League should agree to ask the Permanent Court of International Justice for a legal definition on the sovereignty issue.

As it happened, I was a fairly diligent student of the French newspapers during the time that the American legionaries were in France. I have never admired more the orchestrated unanimity of the French Press. The sentiment of the occasion was exploited with a thoroughness and profusion which left far behind the feeble efforts of our own journals in this kind. Now, I have no desire to belittle the importance of the event or the sincerity of the emotions roused in France, but I hope it is not cynical to suggest that coming political calculations were not entirely left out of sight. There were discreet little articles interspersed in the outpouring of memorial eloquence about such prosaic subjects as the negotiations over the new American tariffs. The whole thing was done on the grand scale, and if the Americans did not before they landed understand the full significance of their participation—I think the British Army was mentioned here and there—they had no excuse for modesty by the time they left. One thing which struck me about the ceremonial eloquence in Paris was its high literary quality; the great voice of the traditional French rhetoric is as impressive as ever. Such speeches on the war are never made in England now, and even at the height of the war emotion they were notably less full-blooded. The French live nearer the shadow of the war than we, who, if we have not moved into the sunlight, at least try harder to forget.

I am interested to see that at last there are signs of wholesome alarm about the vast increase in betting which has followed upon the rise of greyhound racing. It is hardly too much to say that this "sport" is simply a huge betting machine. Writing here months ago I expressed my surprise

that this enormous extension of the most vicious form of gambling—gambling in small sums by people least able to lose their money—should have been accepted without any important protest from Press or pulpit that I could hear of. Moral indignation is, I suppose, out of fashion, but no one who cares at all about the decency of life can afford to ignore this sudden and dangerous addition to the social evils of the time. There were people who accepted greyhound racing as being more humane than coursing the live hare, and who seemed to be oblivious of the gigantic betting evil involved. The new craze was commended by others as an amusing and innocent sport. I have myself found it to be a miserable and depressing spectacle, and I cannot believe that it has any chance of survival except as an excuse for gambling. If there are a sufficient number of people willing to pay to see the foolish performance of dogs running after a piece of machinery to make it worth while, there is no reason why the "sport" should not continue, but surely, failing interference by the law courts, Parliament should stop the demoralization of the working people by this wholesale gambling. I should feel more hopeful if I did not know that the Treasury is making about £10,000 a week out of it.

* * *

I see that while last month I was sun-bathing in the South of France, blissfully forgetful of controversy, Mr. Bonamy Dobrée was pursuing me round "The Apron Stage," intent on giving the knock-out blow. May I return to the subject for a moment to compliment him on the determination of his pursuit, if not on the correctness of its aim. For, let me repeat, I was merely asking for contemporary evidence either to support or to destroy my belief that the "set speech" was intended for declamatory utterance or elocutionary display, to which the apron stage, as it seems to be obvious to suppose, naturally lent itself. If Mr. Dobrée, instead of pursuing arguments of his own invention, would address himself to this one, and if he can destroy it by the evidence I asked for, I should be grateful. Until he or some scholar to whose word I would humbly submit does this I must continue in the belief that "conversational" utterance of the set or undramatic speech, or the soliloquy, was not Shakespeare's notion of what should be done. I have been reading a pamphlet on Shakespeare as a Man of the Theatre by Mr. J. Isaacs, which is published by the Shakespeare Association. It contains, along with much interesting and fresh matter on the Elizabethan stagecraft, this passage: "Although it is probable that the Elizabethan actor, especially in bold thunderous plays, spoke almost in an avalanche, there can be little doubt that the prologues and the epilogues were regarded as special displays of elocution, and being written and punctuated to that end, still retain their magic. . . . How far the soliloquy was an exercise in diction will never be known. It . . . derived vast theatrical relief owing to the special contact established when the actor advanced to 'the skirt of the stage' and spoke his lines to the individual ears of the audience." This is, I think, helpful to our little discussion—although, of course, Mr. Dobrée may deny that the set speech, i.e., "The Quality of Mercy," comes within Mr. Isaacs' description. I see no reason why it should not.

* * *

The chapter headed "The Galilean too great" in the religious confessions of the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, published in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN the other day, is the most striking revolt from institutionalism that I have read for a long time. "I fear that if our Lord were to come again He would be compelled to acknowledge that institutional religion had corrected many of his values and

forgotten many besides." Pondering over this, I turned, led by an obvious association of ideas, to that tremendous apologue "The Grand Inquisitor" in "The Brothers Karamazov," and there I found the spokesman of the Church addressing the returned Christ in these words: ". . . Thou didst reject the only way by which man could be made happy. But fortunately departing Thou didst hand on the work to us. . . . Thou hast given to us the right to bind and to unbind and now, of course, Thou canst not think of taking it away. Why, then, hast Thou come to hinder us?"

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LAW v. WAR

SIR,—The point of Dr. McNair's interesting letter is apt to be, and evidently has been, misunderstood. What he shows is not that international law is contrary to British law or British interests (and therefore Britain had better put her faith in war), but that on a number of important points there is no rule of international law, and consequently nations putting their own municipal law into force cannot be overruled.

Thus, if you or I speak ill of Signor Mussolini in England and then go to Italy and are imprisoned, there is no remedy for us in international law. International law does not say that the Italian Government is right or wrong; it is merely unable to interfere with a matter which, until further notice, lies within Italy's domestic jurisdiction. The only remedies are (1) to make or to threaten war upon Italy; (2) for Sir Austen to invite Signor Mussolini to tea and persuade him to pardon the misguided young men.

If we signed the Optional Clause the situation would be exactly the same. We should not bring the case before the court. If Signor Mussolini offered to do so, we should say—then as now—"No; we do not pretend to have any case in international law. We only ask you, on general grounds of international amity, not to exercise your rights to the uttermost."

In the "Lotus" case the Court did not decide that Turkey was right; it only decided that there was no rule of international law which Turkey had broken. This may seem hair-splitting, but there is a considerable difference between accepting a definitely perverse system of international law, and accepting an incomplete system, as far as it goes, and proceeding slowly to build it up.

To turn to Mr. Keynes's letter. He argues that the rule of law "has two sides: a willingness to abide by the law, and a machinery for altering the law when it is no longer in conformity with opinion." It is more a case of developing than altering; but I would point out that there exists already a Committee of Experts for the progressive Codification of International Law, and that the Assembly has just passed a grant for the summoning of a Conference on the subject, to which Members and Non-Members alike are to be invited. The success or failure of this Conference will depend chiefly on the amount of effective and intelligent support which it receives in the great nations.

Mr. Keynes goes on to ask if it is wise "for us to engage ourselves to enforce in perpetuity laws which—at present—there is no machinery to alter," and "whether the future of the world can be handed over to Courts of Law." I do not know what this refers to. A proposal more or less on those lines was made by a distinguished Professor of Law in 1917. He would have made the Court the supreme authority of the League, and had its decisions enforced by an international police. But nothing of the kind has, so far as I know, been heard of since. I confess, however, that if the poor old world had to be "handed over" to somebody I would sooner any day hand it over to a Hague Court than to a mass of warring armies.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

Yatscombe, Boar's Hill, Oxford.
October 3rd, 1927.

THE CANADIAN FRONTIER

SIR,—On page 624 of your issue of August 13th I read:—

"For over a hundred years the security of the United States and Canada has depended on the fact that there were no fortifications on the longest frontier in the world: no warships on the Great Lakes whose traffic is vital to both countries. The 'Trent' affair of 1861; the more recent Venezuelan Crisis, might have taken a very different turn if there had been garrisons to be reinforced and ships to be brought into commission as precautionary measures."

Upon the argument of which the foregoing is an illustration, I have no comment to make; my purpose is to observe that your statement of facts is not correct. A considerable number of fortifications were built along the Canadian-American frontier by both sides, after the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814; and in 1861 there was a garrison, and it was reinforced. A number of regiments were sent to Canada—among them a battalion of the Guards—and much was done to organize the volunteers and militia of British North America.

I do not write for pedantic reasons. It is a poor service to a study of modern problems to advance imperfect generalizations, and your paragraph at once gives a wrong account of Anglo-American relations in the past, and embodies a view capable of a certain amount of mischief. To say that the British Empire and the United States never fought because they never had armaments convenient to what would have been one of the theatres of war, or because they always loved each other, will not prove a very enlightening guide if the two countries find themselves with conflicting interests to-day; whereas when the events of the past are correctly stated they yield lessons which are helpful and encouraging, but not nearly so capable of brief and simple statement.

For perhaps three-quarters of a century the United States definitely grudged the presence of the British flag in North America, and during that period Great Britain held the colonies, which to-day are Canada, with a strong hand. The fortifications I have mentioned were constructed; a garrison of Regular troops was maintained, roughly equal in numbers to the American Regular Army; and the colonies had a militia system devised with an eye to mobilization. To instance an occasion of strained relations not mentioned by you, the slight rebellions of 1837-38 were succeeded by a series of filibustering incursions from United States territory, and the friction deepened into a threat of war. There were in British North America seventeen battalions of Regular infantry, and in Upper Canada (Ontario) alone upwards of forty thousand solidly organized militia—a force more powerful than the Southern Army which defeated McDowell at the first battle of Bull Run.

Canada remained British, not because she was left un-garrisoned and undefended, but because the Government of Great Britain conducted its relations with the United States on the whole with wisdom and good temper. There were examples of magnanimity such as the conclusion of the Rush-Bagot Agreement limiting armaments on the Great Lakes—which in 1817 was exceedingly welcome to the United States—and there were examples of firmness without provocation, as in the settlement of the Oregon controversy; the cry was raised in the United States "fifty-four forty or fight," and, Sir Robert Peel's Ministry standing firm, the United States did not fight, and did not get "fifty-four forty." The passage of the years has assuaged the prejudices of those days; tempers are better; and the competition of armaments does not extend to the North American continent as a result of a policy which is misrepresented by the facile generalization so common now.

There is another aspect of the matter. Canadians are prone to under-value the services rendered to them in earlier years by the Mother Country; the facts I have glanced at in the preceding paragraphs are little known, or imperfectly remembered, and there are those who persuade themselves, in the words of a public man now dead, that "Canada owes England nothing but forgiveness." This feeling does no good to inter-Imperial relations, and most of those who nurse it are ignorant of the care with which our country was guarded in the years from 1815 to 1860, and are possessed of a belief that England invariably sacrificed Canada to curry favour with her neighbour; the incessant repetition of such asser-

tions as yours obscures what was done on your side of the Atlantic to ensure us our independence on the North American continent.—Yours, &c.,

C. F. HAMILTON (Colonel).

Ottawa.

[We gladly publish Colonel Hamilton's courteous letter; but we do not think the fortifications constructed after 1814 seriously invalidate our statement as to the conditions on the Canadian frontier. Colonel Hamilton is, of course, quite correct as to the organization of the Canadian militia, the presence of Imperial troops, and their reinforcement in 1861. We were using the term "garrison" in the narrower sense of fortress garrisons, and we are sorry if we did not make this clear. Our point was that one of the chief dangers in a time of strained relations lies in the presence of strong forces on either side of a frontier, in fortified places capable of forming the bases of an immediate offensive. The Rush-Bagot Agreement, which amounted, in practice, to the abolition rather than the limitation of armaments on the Great Lakes, seems to us the turning-point in the relations between the British Empire and the United States. But for that agreement, the strong passions aroused by the "Trent" affair and the Venezuelan crisis might easily have led to measures of "preparation" and to frontier incidents that would have defeated the aims of that wise and temperate policy which Colonel Hamilton rightly applauds.—ED., NATION.]

THE PROBLEM OF THE SLUM

SIR,—Mr. E. D. Simon's review of the slum problem which still confronts this country is well informed, and in my opinion admirable. I am sorry, however, that he has made no reference to the contribution which private enterprise might make.

Mr. Simon rightly says that there are two methods of dealing with the problem—the reconditioning of existing buildings and slum clearance. My experience, gained in the administration of housing estates worth three-quarter million pounds, and providing homes for many thousands of working-class people, has been that private enterprise can materially help to improve conditions by the former method.

At the present time it is impossible for private builders to erect houses to let to the working classes at rents which will be within their means, and at the same time show a reasonable profit. I am able to state positively, however, that the reconditioning of structurally sound buildings, no matter how dilapidated, insanitary, or decayed, is an economically sound operation, and one which benefits both the speculator and his tenants.

I have been able myself to modernize many badly designed and one insanitary tenement blocks and houses in South London and elsewhere, and to equip with the latest labour-saving devices and fittings. They have been converted into clean and airy, as well as easily manageable, homes, allowing the mothers who care for them some relief from their endless drudgery, and more time to devote to their children.

I am convinced that if only the true facts were known, there would be no lack of speculators ready to come forward and thus combine philanthropy with sound commerce, to the relief of the overburdened Local Authorities. Finally, I should add that the New York City Housing Board decided no more than a year ago that the City's slum problem—which is as serious as that of London—should be dealt with entirely by private enterprise, encouraged by the State.—Yours, &c.,

CLAUDE M. LEIGH.

4, Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.
October 3rd, 1927.

POLICE AND PUBLIC

SIR,—Miss Alison Neilans desires that the Committee of Inquiry into the law and practice relating to certain *offenses des mœurs* should hold its proceedings in public. I hope her appeal will be widely endorsed, especially by magistrates, and that the Home Secretary will yield to it.

I have had a long acquaintance with police courts from

almost every point of view except that of the dock—*ille crucem . . . tulit, hic diadema*. It convinces me that this question stands in need of free ventilation, in the interests of the police no less than of the public.

Two very simple steps would settle all the difficulty, make the persecution of unfortunate women impossible, obviate the unpleasantness that attends the mistaken arrest of unoffending men, take the police definitely out of an invidious position, and simplify the work of the summary courts:—

1. Law.—Provide that, on a charge of solicitation or like offence by a person of either sex, corroboration by the person solicited or by other person annoyed shall be necessary for a conviction.

If the person is not sufficiently aggrieved to consent to give evidence the offence is not sufficiently grave to warrant a prosecution.

2. Practice.—Provide that if the aggrieved person so wishes, his or her name may be withheld from the public.

Magistrates do not like the growing custom of permitting witnesses to be anonymous; but here, as in prosecutions for blackmail, both justice and expediency would be served by allowing it.

My observation is limited, almost, to the operation of the law in one great town, but it is of long standing. I believe the police, speaking generally, do not prosecute except in aggravated cases, and that they do not seek to prejudice the defendant. Still, they are mortal, and the desire to win your case is a human weakness.

Miss Neilans's point that the profession of a prostitute is the first thing stated by the constable, has not much importance. The magistrate knows that already, just as he knows that William Smith is a tinker or a tailor, since the condition of the defendant is stated on the Calendar.

The vital point is that, as things are, in cases where the prosecution produces only police evidence, the magistrate, to convict, must take the word of the constable for the fact that the conduct of the defendant caused the "annoyance of residents or passengers," or was likely to provoke a breach of the peace, &c. It is a perfectly reasonable contention that only the persons annoyed can satisfactorily prove their annoyance.—Yours, &c.,

R. A. J. WALLING.

WHO WON WATERLOO?

SIR,—This question was answered by Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington in a dispatch dated Waterloo, June 19th, 1815.

His answer was as follows:—

"I should not do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blücher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of General Bülow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and, even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if they should unfortunately have succeeded."

The man who gave that answer cannot justly be accused of pathetic *braggadocio*.—Yours, &c.,

HUMPHREY PAUL.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.
October 4th, 1927.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

SIR,—Some people may be concerned to know that Mr. Leonard Woolf considers that Longfellow was not a poet, but probably many more will be even more concerned that he should refer to "the late Sir William Watson," and perhaps believe the latter statement even if they do not believe the former. I saw and spoke to Sir William Watson in July this year, and have not since heard of his death.—Yours, &c.,

LAWRENCE HALL.

September 27th, 1927.

LONGFELLOW AND THE SITWELLS

SIR,—I would touch on two matters in this letter if I may be allowed. The first concerns Leonard Woolf and his assertion that "Longfellow never wrote a line of poetry." I wouldn't go quite so far with him as that. On the other hand, I don't think Longfellow wrote many lines of poetry—not true poetry. Longfellow in his time was overrated (it is often a very dubious sign if a poet *sells* into a second edition in his own life-time), and Mr. Woolf is trying to tell the truth by means of exaggeration. But though I think that Longfellow didn't write many lines of true poetry, I also think that Longfellow wrote a fair number of actual poems. Quite good poems often contain no single line of poetry—because a poem must also be judged by its unity, its music, and its content. Longfellow without ever rising to distinction of utterance in single or double lines did, I think, write a few true poems—though I can't for the life of me make out why people mistake "Hiawatha" for poetry, the verse form is so mechanical and monotonous. "Hiawatha" ought to have been written in prose, only one section of it (the story of the Winter famine) rising to any excellence. Also, the "Building of the Ship," judged by severe standards, is not poetry at all.

Reading through Leonard Woolf's article I couldn't help wondering how the Sitwells would judge of Longfellow, because I think that though the Sitwells have written very many lines of true poetry they have never written a true poem, a whole poem, in all their zigzag lives. Not one of them has written one, though they have amongst them written hundreds of lines of real poetry. And Edith in "Selection" is almost more baffling than Edith in "Totality," for I think that never was anything so strange published as the sixpenny selections from Edith Sitwell issued by Sir Ernest Benn. I can't make top-or-tail of a single piece in that kaleidoscope show, and though I have found isolated lines and patches of real poetry or real beauty, I think the poems as wholes must be dazzling leg-pulls or written for dead people. There is a curious fourth-dimension ring about some of the verse.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT E. PALMER.

22, Batchwood View, St. Albans.

ON THE PROCESS OF BECOMING FORGOTTEN

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

IT may be the fate of all men to be forgotten. There is, however, a marked difference in the rapidity of a process, that occasionally takes a long time, even thousands of years. For most of us the period occupied is so short that it would be unfeeling to give even a rough estimate of it.

In the case of authors who have left behind them books which at the dates of publication secured a sufficiency of reputation to ensure for their writers recognition in their own country, if not beyond those narrow boundaries, it is curious to observe the process by which books and their authors get forgotten.

Any tolerably well-read man in what is called "general literature," whose birth goes back more than half a century must often be both startled and amused by the discovery of the complete ignorance of his juniors, by whom he can hardly avoid being surrounded, of certain names and books to him once as familiar as household words.

This however is an Age of Disinterment, for, as if there were not living authors enough, we have in our midst in increasing numbers, publishers with reputations to win for superior discernment, and of editors who, conscious that they lack the creative power so essential to the manufacture of a modern novel, are ready to combine, in the task of

resuscitating some of the half or more than half forgotten books of the last century.

And so it has come about that many an elderly gentleman finds himself being assured by advertisement and in introductory prefaces that books he read as a boy and thought to be modernity itself have become so rare as to be all but "irrecoverable" save by patient research.

If it be true, as it very likely is, that when a book of general literature is seventy or eighty years old the odds are that it is as dead as Queen Anne, one cannot help wondering what success is likely to follow upon its resurrection. Thanks to our excellent copyright law, to reprint such books is not necessarily an expensive enterprise, but (to give examples), though Mr. Savage's "Bachelor of the Albany" was a most amusing novel in 1848, and Sir Henry Taylor's "Statesman" a clever performance in 1836, now that they will have to compete with the restored popularity of Peacock and the time-rooted reputation of Bagehot, it is doubtful whether the ignorance and indifference of youth will be removed or dispelled by their reappearance in the book-shops. We hope, for the sake of our old friends the "Bachelor" and the "Statesman," the experiment may prove successful.

Some reprints are discoveries to a new age—the poems of Donne and the lyrics of Campion are examples—nor are they the only examples. The novels of Galt and Peacock enjoy a larger sale to-day than they did a hundred years ago—so the resurrectionists need not despair.

The thing we should like to discover, were it possible, is the reason for this mortality amongst undoubtedly good books. Why do they die? Is it because there is no room for them? Hundreds of far worse novels than the "Bachelor of the Albany" are published every year, yet though a bad new novel does not last long, it may last long enough to overlay a good old one, and besides, the presses of the publishers must be kept going and the art of writing light literature preserved. It may be asked, Why do you (for example) assume that the "Bachelor of the Albany" is dead? It is not widely read, nor ever again likely to be so, but there it is in the old libraries; and who is going to say that there is not somebody reading it at this very moment of time? This may be so, but the fact is too plain to be denied that each quarter of a century dispatches, if not to complete annihilation yet to a limbo of forgetfulness, hordes of agreeable, sensible, and once popular authors.

These writers, *alors célèbres*, have proved themselves to be consumptives, and have disappeared.

May we be permitted to take a turn, not with Mr. Addison amongst the tombs in the Abbey, but through a modern place of sepulture—say, Kensal Green?

In the sixties and seventies of the last century there lived two authors, often linked together in men's minds, Sir Henry Taylor and Sir Arthur Helps, men of repute and established literary reputations. Taylor's poetic drama "Philip van Artevelde" had first appeared in 1834 and at once secured and long maintained a very considerable popularity; whilst Sir Arthur Helps's "Friends in Council" (1849) and "Companions of my Solitude" (1851), works in prose and beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press, speedily found their way into clubs and boudoirs; and indeed, unless a treacherous memory is playing us false, so excited Mr. Ruskin's fevered imagination as to cause the author of "Modern Painters" to add the name of Helps to those of Shakespeare and Confucius amongst the framers of men's minds. Sir Henry Taylor's prose works "Notes from Life" and "Notes from Books" (circa 1849), though accounted grave and even commanding volumes were not rewarded by so large a circulation, yet

they added to the reputation of the author of "Philip van Artevelde." [Taylor was perhaps the last man to believe that Robert Southey was a man of genius.] In hundreds of cultivated homes, evening parties were arranged to read aloud as much of "Philip" as could be managed before an early supper. This honour was shared with Talfour's "Ion," and as we are told that nobody now reads either the one drama or the other, it may be said without the risk of angry controversy that the drama of the Civil Servant, for Taylor was for half a century in the Colonial office, was a more spirited affair than the judge's bit of classicality. What, we wonder, is the matter with "Philip van Artevelde"?

It's fine reverberating line,

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men,"

was at once recognized as a profound truth by an overwhelming majority of God's creatures; whilst another quotation from the same poem graced many a sermon from the pulpits of the period:—

ARTEVELDE:

"We have not time to mourn."

FATHER JOHN:

"The worse for us!

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend;
Eternity mourns that."

A mournful eternity is indeed a melancholy object to brood over. Dead authors have no time either to mend or mourn, and they must rest content to be forgotten—though why some live longer than others is still a puzzle.

In 1836 Henry Taylor, to use his own words, "published a book called the 'Statesman,' a title much found fault with at the time and in truth not very judiciously chosen. It contained the views and maxims respecting the transaction of public business which twelve years of experience had suggested to me. . . the sarcastic vein in which certain parts of it were written was not very well understood, and what was meant for an exposure of the world's ways was, I believe, generally mistaken for a recommendation of them." Irony plays the devil with most authors.

This is the little book that Mr. Harold Laski and his Cambridge publishers have just reprinted.* The "Statesman," perhaps for the reason given by its author in his Preface to his "Notes from Life," fell flat and has never been reprinted until to-day. Mr. Laski gives 1832 as the date of first publication, but 1836 is the date subsequently named by the author and printed on the title page of the book itself. But the date is of no consequence. The book, so we are told, was read in proof by Mr. Gladstone, who greatly admired it. This is strange, for irony was not a favourite weapon with Mr. Gladstone, but as we learn from a Note by Taylor in his Essay on Wordsworth's sonnets (see "Notes from Books," p. 114) that he considered Mr. Gladstone "one of the few profound writers of the present day," it may be that Mr. Gladstone returned the compliment.

That a vein of agreeable irony does run through the "Statesman" is plain enough, but whether the editor is justified in adding to the title-page the words "an ironical treatise on the art of succeeding"—words which certainly do not appear in the original publication, is questionable.

The numerous ironical observations that agreeably diversify the sober substance of a writer who was neither a Machiavelli nor a Bacon may be represented by the remark that if you wish to compliment an orator on a speech, you should not do so at once, but wait for a few days and tell him you have been thinking about it ever since—"depend upon it," says our "Statesman," "he will remember your compliment long after you have forgotten his speech"—we

* Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons. 7s. 6d.

are quoting from memory, but Taylor's actual words may be found on page 171 of Mr. Laski's reprint. The remark is more "smart" than Baconian. Mr. Laski's Introduction is well worth reading.

The only conclusion, if it can be called one, it is obvious to draw from these meditations amongst the tombs, is that the race of authors die in batches, irrespective of the popularity they may for a considerable number of years have enjoyed. When once dead their chances of resurrection are not good. We suppose they are killed by their successors, though why some disappear sooner than others it is not always easy to discover.

LITTLE ADVENTURES

IN the early days of the late war I was addressed by an imaginative stockbroker in these terms:—

"To think that my son, barely fourteen years of age, will be able to tell his children that he lived through these world-shattering events. To think that he will be able to relate to them how he saw this country rise as one man to defend its honour and its liberties—that he saw ploughshares turned into swords which were never to be sheathed until ——" and a great deal more in the same strain.

I took the liberty at the time of suggesting to him that what his boy was more likely to tell his children (if he hoped to arouse their interest by reminiscence) was that he had, more than once, ridden in a horse omnibus—or that he remembered the days when gentlemen paid calls on each other on Sunday afternoons in top hats and ladies "received" behind silver teapots. There is not, after all, much distinction in recollecting world-shattering events in common with millions of other middle-aged fogies who are in any case, too apt to recall them.

It is as well, too, that one's memories should have some relation to one's power of dealing with them. Most sensible people realize this, and, leaving the great events, an uncorrelated mass, pick out for their own entertainment and that of their friends, memories of their little adventures. Children with more natural selection than their elders invariably pigeon-hole the trivial rather than the important, and these trivial recollections remain through life when great experiences have become vague and blurred. There are few things more contemptible than the confidence of a man of little mind that he is capable of grasping a big thing. Who would not hear the racy stories of the private soldier rather than wade through those portentously dull volumes in which generals disparage each other?

Children have an easy way of spotting the salient features of any adventure and recording them. To be taken at the age of six to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was in itself a great adventure—but now that I have forgotten that splendid procession in every detail, now that the captains and the kings and the drums on horseback, and the mounted Sikhs, even the little old Queen herself have departed from my memory, I still remember that an absent-minded uncle of mine attended the ceremony in carpet slippers. He had actually on such a day as that forgotten to put on his boots. How we laughed! How we split our little sides; and I still think it a very good joke—whatever you may say—and better worth remembering than a column of Imperial pageantry.

There is in the modest of us a recognition of the fact that we are not fitted to be the narrators of epic deeds. And even if we are called upon to take part in them, which, taking one century with another, is not very likely; our share in the chronicle is generally confined to small beer. On the other hand, there are men so naturally gifted in

epic narration that they can, in fact, turn it to use in describing the little incidents of little lives. I have heard a bargemaster tell the story of how his "Saucy Sue" (of Brentford) grounded at Battersea Pier in a way which made him and his crew figure in a noble adventure. How those heroes fighting against overwhelming odds, by sheer strength, courage and resource got "Saucy Sue" afloat on the Thames again was his simple tale, but it beat a hundred yarns of your deep-sea rovers.

I have heard a chauffeur tell the story of how he drove a charabanc loaded with terrified excursionists through a blinding thunderstorm for thirty miles which could not have been made more truly awe-inspiring if Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra had been in the next room accompanying it with a spirited rendering of the "Ride of the Valkyries."

Adventure is, after all, an entirely relative business. I once took my nephew out to tea. Looking round the gilt and marble walls of the restaurant in which we were sitting he said, "I suppose, uncle, there are some people who would think this a poor tea-shop." It was not disparagement but a rather terrifying flash of thought that there might be people so great, so rich, so magnificent in their daily trappings that even the Savoy Hotel might seem mean and dingy to them. So it is with adventure. One has only to picture Sir Alan Cobham in a cross-Channel aeroplane or Mr. Donoghue trotting round Rotten Row or the late Captain Webb in a swimming bath to realize it.

There are some men and women more naturally fitted even for little adventures than others. There are some so dull that they never have any at all. The adventurous people are those who go out to meet life gladly, not necessarily boisterously, but rather in a receptive mood, who are always ready to take a hand in still further embarrassing a fallen horse, or impeding firemen in their urgent duties, helping to suffocate old gentlemen who have collapsed on the pavement; people, in fact, who want to take their share, like Mr. Jingle, in what is going forward.

Curiously enough, it is to these that adventures befall gratuitously, without seeking. It is in their hen roosts that the birds lay eggs with double yolks. I have always noticed that the better the story-teller the more there is provided for him to tell. It is he who has those diverting experiences in trains and 'buses, who falls into conversation with eccentrics, to whom beautiful women offer themselves and their fortunes after one trip on a penny steamboat. And it is right that it should be so. If bores had many adventures, life would become intolerable.

I once knew an old gentleman whose single adventure had been concerned with a cat—a cat so remarkable that forty thousand words couldn't describe it. But I had a friend at the same time to whom that story was the most thrilling in the world. He would sit rapt with attention while that long tedious history was unfolded—and whenever the old man assured us, as he did at the beginning of each chapter that it was "a wonderful cat," my friend would leap for joy and become almost uncontrollable with excitement. But then he would have wagged his tail over a three-volume novel about a walk or a biscuit.

It is, indeed, one of the saddest things about adventurers that they are apt to become tedious in old age. They lose the quickness of thought which is the essence of all good story-telling—but when, as in some cases, they retain it, when the powers of memory and observation and the gift of humour is alert, there is no story-teller in the world like the old story-teller.

I am told that in old age the little adventures of youth and of the prime of life become the greatest entertainment and consolation of enfeeblement—but a very old man once told me also that the mistakes and *faux pas* of younger days

also come back with haunting vividness. I once heard this old man groaning bitterly in his armchair as if over some great sorrow. Pressed to tell us what was the matter, he chuckled and said he was afraid that it was no more than that many years ago he had gone to some important reception without his white gloves.

This, indeed, is a terrible thought—that middle-age should only be a quiet passage from one blush of embarrassment to another.

J. B. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

THE announcement that Miss Edith Evans was to enter into joint management with Mr. Lion at Wyndham's Theatre could not but cause a thrill of pleasurable anticipation amongst her host of admirers. Admiration of Miss Evans can never be half-hearted. She is one of the proudest possessions of our stage to-day, and in moments of depression it is comforting to speculate what delights her future as an actress may hold for us. Some such speculation was necessary to remove the disappointment caused by the first play in which she has chosen to appear. "The Lady in Law" (from the French of Georges Berr and Louis Verneuil) is for the most part dull, incredible stuff, based on the ancient anti-feminist joke, barely kept alive by its actors and the few twists of situation which its authors have been able to give it. Miss Evans plays the part of a highly successful female barrister who neglects an idle and foolish husband. The husband takes a mistress, thus arousing her jealousy and awakening her tender emotions, which for the moment she transfers to a back-boneless secretary. For a brilliant woman Maitre Bolbec is strangely fobbed off in the matter of her menfolk, and if these two specimens were typical there seemed every reason why she should continue her useful employment at the bar. This in the end she does with the assistance of her stupid husband as secretary.

The supreme test of a first act, said the late Mr. Archer, is whether or not, at the end of it, you would take five pounds for your seat. Had I paid for mine at Wyndham's I should have considered its market value at the end of Act I. as about fivepence. But I should have missed two memorable things: the development by Mr. O. B. Clarence of a wonderful study of grotesque futility, as a shady little client seeking the advice of the Maitre, and a scene of Miss Edith Evans in which her heart and sex are stirred again by the memory of more passionate days. Touched by the beauty of this great actress it stands out from the rest of the play, and for the moment makes the whole boiling worth while. The acting was altogether on a very high level. Mr. Frederick Leister as the Maitre's husband gave a finely studied and assertive performance. Miss Ann Codrington, as Bolbec's mistress, was excellent in her caricature of inanity and stupidity. I hope that "The Lady in Law" may be profitable to its promoters, and run long enough to enable them to find a successor better worth Miss Evans's attention.

Now what of Mr. Valentine, that spinner of amusing short stories, whose new farce "Compromising Daphne" is being played at Princes? One of the disadvantages of weekly criticism is that one cannot resist reading in advance the general opinions of the daily Press. I have no hesitation in saying that I think Mr. Valentine has been very unfairly handled in some quarters. His farce is unpretentious, it is admittedly composed of well-known ingredients and has no claim to be anything but a medium for provoking laughter. "Compromising Daphne" certainly does arouse every kind of laughter, from the quiet chuckle to the unrestrained outburst. Therefore it fulfils its purpose, and therefore it is a good farce. But a more serious charge has been brought against the author, that he is deliberately and assiduously salacious in his dialogue. This seems to

me to be such nonsense as is impossible to be understood. In point of fact in every situation where the opportunity for suggestive dialogue arises, Mr. Valentine skates most delicately away from it. I call upon my maiden aunt to witness to this. That exquisite farceur Mr. John Deverell gives a most ludicrous performance, marred only, I thought, by a certain monotony of gesture. Miss Joan Barry has, since I last saw her, acquired a very certain authority which must make her performance defined in every line to the back row of the gallery. All the actors played well, but I particularly liked Mr. Stafford Hilliard's valet and Miss Jean Webster Brough's "Sadie," the friend of Daphne.

When one is bidden to a Sunday performance of a play by Mr. Harold Brighouse one has a right to expect some little divergence from what is known as the Manchester drama, which was all very well in Miss Horniman's day, when the Gaiety programmes were abreast and often in advance of the times, but is now definitely a thing of the past. "Mary's John," produced at the Academy Theatre in Gower Street last Sunday, is pure Manchester, and not a particularly good sample. Surely this is not the sort of play which should be produced by the R.A.D.A. Players, who are all Academy ex-students, and many of them good and successful actors. From their rather slipshod production one is tempted to think that they regarded the evening as a social function with a little acting thrown in as a stimulant to conversation. An outsider has, of course, no right to object to this attitude—they are a club and can please themselves—but it is certainly not in keeping with their record, and once they have adopted it there seems to be no occasion to invite criticism. I was even more disappointed the night before, when Mr. Peter Godfrey revived his Gate Theatre Studio with a production of "The Field God," by Mr. Paul Green, an American dramatist of some reputation. I gather that Mr. Godfrey's new theatre in Villiers Street is not yet ready for him, and that he has begun at the Etlinger Theatre rather than postpone his opening night, but from Saturday's performance, in which everyone concerned was obviously labouring under enormous disadvantages, he would have done better to postpone. Let us hope that he will do "The Field God" again later on.

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company attracted large audiences to the Golders Green Hippodrome last week when they gave a repertoire from the renowned Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. At the final performances on Saturday, when "The Mikado" was given in the afternoon and again in the evening, the theatre was packed to its utmost capacity; and those who were unsuccessful in procuring admission for the matinée joined the long queue waiting in a torrential rain for the evening performance. Thus the evergreen popularity of the famous "Savoy" series of comic operas maintains itself. The Hippodrome at Golders Green is a most successful theatre. Its attractions are numerous, and the residents of North London are particularly fortunate, for, with the addition of the "Everyman" Theatre at Hampstead, they have no need to travel far in search of first-rate entertainment. This week at the Hippodrome, the entire cast from the Garrick Theatre are performing "The Butter-and-Egg Man," which is preceded by Jack Hylton and his Band.

Mr. Alfred Hitchcock is both author and producer of the excellent British film "The Ring," which was "trade shown" last week and will be released shortly. It is the ideal arrangement that a producer should produce his own story or that an author should also be a producer, provided that, as in the case of Mr. Hitchcock, his talents suffice for both rôles. It is true that neither in plot nor production is "The Ring" very ambitious, but it is none the worse for that. It is a story of two boxers, a champion and an aspirant to the championship who has started his career in a boxing-booth at a fair, and the pretty young wife of the latter upon whom the champion has cast the eyes of a seducer. The remarkable thing about the film is

that the psychology of the characters is founded on life rather than on film conventions: the villain is obviously a pleasant, easy-going character, kindhearted and stupid, the young wife not the ordinary "sympathetic" heroine, but an attractive, pleasure-loving, thoughtless creature, rather weak and with little sense of decency, and her offended husband not over-heroic and "he-mannish." These three parts are well played by Mr. Ian Hunter, Miss Lilian Hall-Davis, and Mr. Carl Brisson, of musical comedy fame. The film is well photographed; there are some excellent scenes at the fair, and some good comic acting by Mr. Gordon Harker.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, October 8th.—

Lily Henkel and Orrea Pernel, Recital, Museum Lecture Theatre, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Irene Scharrer, Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Sunday, October 9th.—

Mr. C. Delisle Burns on "The Family in Modern Life," South Place, 11.
Film—"The Chosen People," at the Avenue Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue.

Monday, October 10th.—

Norman Wilks, Pianoforte Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.30.
Exhibition of paintings by Doris Pusinelli and William Milner, Dover Gallery.

Tuesday, October 11th.—

English Political Economy. Inaugural Lecture by Professor Allyn A. Young, School of Economics, 5.

Annual Conference, National Council of Women of Great Britain, Bournemouth Town Hall, October 11th-14th.
Strindberg's "Miss Julie," at Playroom Six.

"The Crooked Billet," at the Royalty.

The Chaliapine Nights Entertainment, Royal Albert Hall, October 11th-13th.

Wednesday, October 12th.—

"Bow-Wows," at the Prince of Wales's.
Budapest Trio, Chamber Concert, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.
Dr. C. W. Saleeby on "Sunlight for Childhood," Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.

Thursday, October 13th.—

Mary Storr, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
Mr. Ernest G. Pretymann, on "Agriculture—the foundation of all things," at Caxton Hall, 10.30 a.m.

Friday, October 14th.—

Norman Greenwood, Pianoforte Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.30.
Elise Steele, assisted by Sir Henry J. Wood, and his Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

OMICRON.

NARCISSE

THE fairest thing in the world is my body,
And I am glad of it;
Glad that I have a white skin
And pale gold hair;
I am in love with my white skin
And lean narrow hips;
Pride in myself runs in my veins
From the soles of my feet,
And in every limb,
And sings in my finger-tips.

I am so glad to live in my slim body;
It is a house of joy;
Sometimes the secret I peeps
Out of its veiled windows;
Through two eyes that are its windows
I see the world go by;
But no one sees me watching,
Inviolable, secret I!
In the house of my fair lovely body
Will I hide until I die.

ETHEL MANNIN.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH.

(Gerrard 3929.)

Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30.

"THARK."

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS. (Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.

Last 2 weeks of MARIE TEMPEST in

"THE SPOT ON THE SUN."

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER.

COURT (Sloane 5137.)

NIGHTLY at 8.30.

"PAUL I."

(A Komisarjevski Production.)

MATINEES, Thursday and Saturday, at 2.30.

CRITERION THEATRE. (Ger. 3844.) 8.30. Mats., Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GUY NEWALL and IVY DUKE

in

"WHEN BLUE HILLS LAUGHED."

DRURY LANE. EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG." A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 6313.) "THE BELOVED VAGABOND."

A Musical Play.

LILIAN DAVIES, FREDERICK RANALOW, MABEL RUSSELL.

NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30.

FORTUNE THEATRE.

Regent 1367.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS.

RONALD SQUIRE.

KINGSWAY. (Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC Hammersmith.

Riverside 3012.

NIGHTLY at 8.

Matinees, Wednesday & Saturday, 2.30.

The OLD VIC COMPANY with SYBIL THORNDIKE in

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

PRINCES. (Ger. 3400.)

"COMPROMISING DAPHNE."

By Valentine (Part Author of "Tons of Money").

JOHN DEVERELL.

JOAN BARRY.

Nightly at 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., at 2.30. POP. PRICES

ST. MARTIN'S. Gerr. 3416. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

"THE SILVER CORD." By SIDNEY HOWARD.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

CLAIRE EAMES.

SHAFTESBURY. Gerr. 6666. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

"THE HIGH ROAD."

A New Comedy by FREDERICK LONSDALE.

STRAND (Ger. 3830.)

CONNIE EDISS in

"THE ONE-EYED HERRING."

LEON M. LION'S PRODUCTION.

NIGHTLY at 8.30.

Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S. (Regent 3028.)

EDITH EVANS in

"THE LADY IN LAW."

LEON M. LION'S PRODUCTION.

NIGHTLY at 8.30.

MATINEES, WED. & SAT., 2.30.

CINEMAS.

CAPITOL, Haymarket, S.W. Continuous DAILY, 1 to 11. SUNS., 6 to 11.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS. RETAINED FOR ALL NEXT WEEK.

ROD LA ROCQUE and PHYLLIS HAVER in

"BRIGADIER GERARD."

Adapted from Sir A. Conan Doyle's Novel "Exploits of Gerard."

ART EXHIBITION.

DRAWINGS by FANTIN-LATOURE

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE AUTUMN CROP

MY impression is that the autumn crop this year will be quite a good one. If there are no very remarkable books which one can foresee from the publishers' lists, there are a large number of extremely interesting ones, sufficient to fill the library list of the most omnivorous reader several times over. Once more the most notable thing in the promised harvest is the ever-growing yield of biography. Biographical books are becoming serious rivals to novels, and it must be assumed that many get the same, and something more, out of the story of real people's lives as they get out of imaginary tales about imaginary people—a state of mind with which I sympathize.

* * *

I should say that the following were the outstanding books in the department of Biography, Memoirs, and Letters: "Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig (Allen & Unwin); "The Letters of Gertrude Bell" (Benn); "Shelley: His Life and Works," by Walter E. Peck; "Anatole France Abroad," by Jean Jacques Brousson (Thornton Butterworth); "Genius and Character," by Emil Ludwig (Cape); "Fifty Years in a Changing World," by Sir Valentine Chirol (Cape); "Life, Journalism, and Politics," by J. A. Spender (Cassell); "Impressions and Memories," by Lord Ribblesdale (Cassell); "All Alone: The Life and Private History of Emily Brontë," by Romer Wilson (Chatto & Windus); "The Brontë Sisters," by Ernest Dimnet (Cape); "Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden" (Constable); "Journal of Katherine Mansfield" (Constable); "Some People," by Harold Nicolson (Constable); "The Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad," by G. Jean Aubrey (Heinemann); "The Private Diary of Leo Tolstoy," edited by Aylmer Maude (Heinemann); "The Life and Letters of Woodrow Wilson: Preliminary Years," by Ray Stannard Baker (Heinemann); "R. L. Stevenson," by G. K. Chesterton (Hodder & Stoughton); "Disraeli," by André Maurois (Lane); "King Edward VII.: Vol. II., The Reign of King Edward VII.," by Sir Sidney Lee (Macmillan); "Marcel Proust," by Léon Pierre-Quint (Knopf); "The Letters of Queen Victoria (Second Series; Extra Volume)," edited by G. E. Buckle (Murray); "Sir John Hawkins," by J. A. Williamson (Oxford University Press). The following also perhaps deserve mention: "The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle" (Oxford University Press); "A Life of François Villon," by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Peter Davies); "A Diary of Thomas De Quincey" (Noel Douglas); "Fateful Years," by S. Sazonov (Cape); "The Cleghorn Papers" (Black); "Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala," by Colonel H. D. Napier (Arnold); "Viscount Leverhulme," by his Son (Allen & Unwin); "The Life of William Blake," by Mona Wilson (Nonesuch Press); "More English Diaries," and "Scottish and Irish Diaries," by Arthur Ponsonby (Methuen).

* * *

My selection of the chief novels would be: "Meanwhile," by H. G. Wells (Benn); "Pretty Creatures," by William Gerhardt (Benn); "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," by Anita Loos (Brentano); "Dancing Mad," by W. H. Davies (Cape); "Red Sky at Morning," by Margaret Kennedy (Heinemann); "The Midnight Folk," by John Masefield (Heinemann); "Gallion's Reach," by H. M. Tomlinson (Heinemann); "I Speak of Africa," by William Plomer (Hogarth Press); "The Ugly Duchess," by Lion

Feuchtwanger (Secker); "New Wine," by Geoffrey Moss (Hutchinson). Other novels which may be noted are: "The Fifth Pestilence," by Alexei Remizov (Wishart); "The Fairy Goose," by Liam O'Flaherty (Faber & Gwyer); "Oberland," by Dorothy Richardson (Duckworth); "Count Stephan," by A. E. Coppard (Golden Cockerel Press); "The Blessing of Pan," by Lord Dunsany (Putnam); "These Men, thy Friends," by Edward Thompson (Knopf); "Mr. Balcony," by C. H. B. Kitchin (Hogarth Press); "Greenlow," by Romer Wilson (Collins); "Demophon," by Forrest Reid (Collins); "Helen and Felicia," by E. B. C. Jones (Chatto & Windus); "Mr. Weston's Good Wine," by T. A. Powys (Chatto & Windus); "Our Mr. Dormer," by R. H. Mottram (Chatto & Windus); "Right Off the Map," by C. E. Montagu ((Chatto & Windus); "A Girl Adoring," by Viola Meynell (Arnold); "The Unburied Dead," by Stephen McKenna (Thornton Butterworth); "Jeremy at Crale," by Hugh Walpole (Cassell); "Vestal Fire," by Compton Mackenzie (Cassell); "The Secret of Father Brown," by G. K. Chesterton (Cassell).

* * *

There are an unusual number of very interesting books on art promised this season. Messrs. Benn are publishing three volumes dealing with the great Eumorfopoulos Collection, Vol. V., by Mr. R. L. Hobson, of the Catalogue of Chinese, Korean, and Persian Pottery, and two by Mr. Laurence Binyon on the Chinese Frescoes and Chinese Paintings. Then there is "German Baroque Art," by Sacheverell Sitwell (Duckworth); two books on Cézanne: "Cézanne and his Circle," by Julius Meier-Graeffe (Benn), and "Cézanne," by Roger Fry (Hogarth Press); and "Art and the Reformation," by G. G. Coulton (Blackwell). Under Criticism, Literature, and Essays may be noted "Nine Essays," by Arthur Platt (Cambridge University Press); "Proper Studies," by Aldous Huxley (Chatto & Windus); "The Road to Xanadu," by J. L. Lowes (Constable); "A Survey of Modernist Poetry," by Laura Riding and Robert Graves (Heinemann); "Leaves and Fruit," by Sir Edmund Gosse (Heinemann).

* * *

In History I should select: "Five Centuries of Religion, Vol. II.," by G. G. Coulton (Cambridge University Press); "A History of the English People, 1830-1841," by Elie Halévy (Benn); "The Correspondence of King George III." (Macmillan); "The Transition from Aristocracy, 1832-1867," by O. F. Christie (Seeley & Service); "The House of Lords in the Eighteenth Century," by A. S. Turberville (Oxford University Press). In Sociology and Politics: "A Short History of the British Working Class Movement," by G. D. H. Cole, Vol. III. (Labour Publishing Co.); "Speeches," by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith (Hutchinson); "Olives of Endless Age," by Henry Noel Brailsford (Harper); "Sovereignty," by Paul Ward (Routledge); "Political Pluralism, a Study in Modern Political Theory," by K. C. Hsiao (Kegan Paul); "Fathers or Sons? a Study in Social Psychology," by Prynce Hopkins (Kegan Paul); "Kenya from Within," by W. McGregor Ross (Allen & Unwin); "Lord Grey and the World War," by Hermann Lutz (Allen & Unwin); "India and the West," by F. S. Marvin (Longmans); "Nigeria Under British Rule," by Sir William Geary (Methuen).

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Autumn Books 1927



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REVIEWS

EVANGELICALS AND UTILITARIANS

A History of the English People in 1830-41. By ELIE HALÉVY.
Translated by E. I. WATKIN. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.).

CHILDREN and patriots often think that there is such a thing as the history of England, perfect and reassuring, like bookshelves, always complete and never finished. Perhaps it is only the foreign historian who can altogether escape the conventional selection of past events, chosen from their context of a million forgotten ones, together constituting an imposing edifice founded upon instinctive assumptions, authoritatively offered as the truth to the nations of this island. M. Halévy, at any rate, after many years of research, has made his own selection of significant events and placed his own emphasis upon them: his key to our social development since the industrial revolution is not our national character, our ancient Constitution, or our capacity to rule the waves, but the twisted strands of Benthamite philosophy and evangelical Christianity.

M. Halévy's first three volumes on "Le Formation du Radicalisme philosophique" (still untranslated) analyzed the constituents of Benthamism and showed how a group of men who knew what they believed grew up in an unorganized and little governed country and gradually achieved a philosophy, the main tenets of which the majority of middle-class Englishmen willingly accepted. His most recent volume, the first part of the Epilogue to the Victorian epoch, deals with England from 1895 to 1905, and shows it as a period in which Radicalism had apparently used up its stock in hand, while Imperialism had won a triumph in the South African War, the results of which could only be partially wiped out by a recurrence of sound Benthamism in 1905. This latest volume, still veiled in the obscurity of the French tongue, has so far failed to attract any attention in England.

Three of M. Halévy's volumes, however, are now available in a good English translation. The first and second volumes of his History of England since 1815, already reviewed in these columns, described England at the end of the Napoleonic Wars and traced its development up to the Reform Bill. England, in M. Halévy's view, contrived to survive its industrial transformation with a minimum both of government and of violence; it was held together by a religious cement, supplied by the evangelical revival. His third volume tells the story of the reconstruction period after 1830, when the foundations of Victorian England were formally and finally laid.

In the 'thirties, eighteenth-century England was dead but unburied. There were three living schools of thought. Bentham's disciples alone possessed a constructive programme; with them the Evangelicals were able to co-operate in many causes, though both religion and economics were apt to divide them; the growing working-class movement, still led for the most by middle-class leaders, developed into the militant Chartism of 1839, but was still impotent unless Benthamites or Evangelicals supported its cause. M. Halévy is convincing when he argues that religion was the determining factor, impregnating the mass of the working as well as the middle class; when he reminds us that the suggestion to combat cholera by prayer and fasting was approved by the mass of people; when he says that it was "the influence of the Evangelicals which invested the British aristocracy with an almost stoic dignity, restrained the plutocrats who had newly arisen from the masses from vulgar ostentation and debauchery, and placed over the proletariat a select body of workmen enamoured of virtue and capable of self-restraint." The important fact about Victorian industrialism as opposed to that of the twentieth century is that in the nineteenth century the Forsytes and their workmen both genuinely believed their evangelical creed and regarded industry, thrift, and success as the most important virtues. Robert Owen had discovered a great truth about England when he decided that religion was the great bulwark of Capitalism, and that to transform the economic system, the first step was to attack the God of Christianity. If Socialism could not grow in face of evangelical opposition, Benthamism was also forced to make

terms with Christianity. The Reform Bill itself was drafted by a committee, the most active member of which was a Benthamite; legal reform, the new Poor Law, the transformation of municipal government, the new system of self-government in the Colonies, were the work of men like Durham, Brougham, Chadwick, Southwood Smith, Wakefield, and Roebuck, all of whom were disciples of Bentham and James Mill. The abolition of slavery in the Colonies, on the other hand, was a triumph in which the Evangelicals played a larger part than the Utilitarians, while the agitation for Factory reform was almost wholly the work of prominent Christians. The Church proved unexpectedly strong, when its rights were in any way endangered. Non-conformists chose to accept a subordinate position rather than to permit an attack upon organized religion, and the idea of compulsory education, a principal plank in the Benthamite scheme, found the scantiest recognition under cover of the Factory Bill of 1833.

One important fact has been commonly misunderstood. It was Evangelicals rather than Utilitarians who feared the State. "The principle of administrative centralization" was, as M. Halévy says, a fundamental principle of Bentham's political philosophy. Bentham's disciples "were very far from professing that systematic dislike of any and every form of State intervention which thirty years later would be characteristic of Richard Cobden and Herbert Spencer." They believed that human behaviour and character could be directly improved by good legislation: they believed that it was the State's business to organize Society in a way which would produce happiness. They were democrats: but they were alone in understanding that the purposes of democracy are well secured by administrators appointed because of their ability and not because of their popularity. Throughout the 'thirties and 'forties they were accused of "Prusso-mania" and "Gallio-mania" because they believed in a deliberately organized system of education, and with each reform advocated the appointment of competent persons to supervise its administration. Religious influence almost nullified their efforts for education. But in procuring commissioners and



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inspectors the Benthamites were successful, and a Civil Service grew in England in spite of the age-long fear of the State which has troubled the middle classes ever since the battle for toleration with the Stuarts. The most fortunate factor in English development in the last two generations has been the growth of an efficient Civil Service, little troubled by the vices of *étatisme*. For this, as for so much else, we might well be more grateful to Bentham than we are. Those who wish to understand the full debt we owe Bentham will find the pages of M. Halévy's history the best guide.

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A LIFE OF THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray. By LEWIS MELVILLE. (Benn. 21s.)

THIS book was first published (in two volumes) in 1889. It is an old-fashioned biography, dutiful and reticent. Like many other biographers, Mr. Melville seems to think it his chief duty to suppress any too great familiarity between his readers and his subject. To the former this policy is somewhat unsatisfactory. For example, the author tells us nothing of Thackeray's love affairs, or indeed of any of his affairs with women. He makes no attempt to trace Thackeray's development, or to give any interpretation of his actions. We learn that he was born, suffered at school, was a failure at Cambridge, gambled his fortune away, married a young girl who later went out of her mind, thought at one time of taking up painting, returned to literature, wrote "Vanity Fair," and became successful; but no event in his career is related to the others, and all his actions are left quite unexplained. This is largely the fault of Mr. Melville's extravagant care for his hero's reputation; we only see Thackeray in his particularly virtuous and respectable moments, and we cannot understand why this man should always be so virtuous and respectable.

Strangely enough, the portraits which are reproduced increase one's perplexity. In one of them Thackeray looks a little like Mr. Chesterton; in another he might, except for his build, pass for Ibsen; in a third he is the very image of Lord Birkenhead. Mr. Melville does not throw much light here, but on page 379 we begin to hope at last that he is about to let the victim assume his real shape; he prints the beginning of a good, nasty, quarrelsome letter from Thackeray to Dickens. We turn the page to continue it; page 380 is quite blank, and print is not resumed until the worst of the quarrel between Dickens and Thackeray is over. One does not know whether the emptiness of page 380 is Mr. Melville's fault or that of the publishers, whether it is a blunder or a particularly neat trick of the unconscious. In any case the reader who pays a guinea for the volume should have some redress for being robbed of probably the most important page in it. The index, too, is hardly to be relied on. Looking up "Carlyle—last meeting with Thackeray, page 417," we find ourselves referred to another page in the index. All the index references for the last chapters in the book seem, indeed, to be consistently inaccurate, about two pages "out"; this appears to be the publishers' fault, and an instance of extreme carelessness. For the rest, Mr. Melville's biography is not more disappointing than most; its fault is a complete lack of frankness. Why anyone should set out to tell us all about Thackeray, and then proceed to tell us as little as possible, it is difficult to understand. But in doing this Mr. Melville is acting as a great number of other people do; and, from any point of view except the reader's, his close-fistedness about facts is less perhaps to be blamed than noted as a peculiarly irritating form of private virtue.

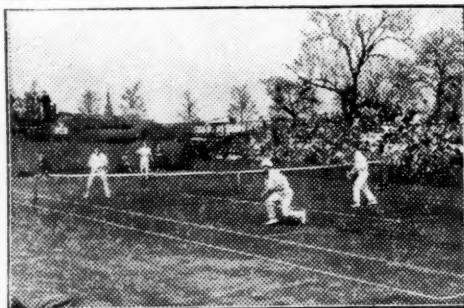
The paucity of Mr. Melville's information is not counterbalanced by any great abundance of critical observation. He admires the scenes in the novels which Thackeray himself admired, the death of Colonel Newcome and of Helen Penderennis, the return of Esmond, "bringing his sheaves with him," all of these somewhat spoiled by a sentimentality less obvious than that of Dickens, but for that reason more displeasing. He makes no attempt to estimate Thackeray's gifts, or even to indicate his distinguishing qualities; and one cannot tell whether he regards "Vanity Fair," "Pen-

dennis," or "Esmond," as the best of the novels. His approval, indeed, is so general, that had he made any particular criticism it would have seemed arbitrary.

Nevertheless, Thackeray was one of the most interesting figures of his time, and "Vanity Fair" probably the greatest prose work published during the reign of Victoria. Its sweep, its confidence, its grasp of human motives, its humour, its wit, its style, give it the air and the assurance of a great work. None of Dickens's novels shows such an array of brilliant and consummately exercised powers. His genius was certainly more inventive and fertile than Thackeray's, but it was simpler, and touched life at only one or two points, while Thackeray's touched it at many. What surprises us always in Dickens is that with such a small auxiliary equipment he should have been such a great writer. What surprises us in Thackeray, on the other hand, is that he was not greater than he turned out to be. He had considerable weaknesses, it is true; he was a sentimentalist and a snob; but unlike the other writers of his generation he turned his intellect on to his vices, and made his work a criticism of sentimentality and snobbery. In "Vanity Fair" that criticism is keenest; but when he came to write "Penderennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes," success, or advancing age, had made him more easygoing, he sank back comfortably into maudlin reverie for long stretches, and when he awoke was more savage, but less critical, less objective, and less witty, than he had been before. He wrote with greater and greater desire to please, and became almost as deliberate a manipulator of charm as Sterne, but without Sterne's unruffled conscience and natural rascality. His later novels contain magnificent scenes, exquisite comedy, delightful spurts of power; but the sentimental morality, and the note of almost senile indulgence which runs through them, make them difficult to read. In them, almost as painfully as in some of Coleridge's prose, one has the sense of a powerful mind going soft. Tears came naturally to Dickens; he cried comfortably and was relieved; but Thackeray, although he wept more and more the longer he wrote, never seemed to get much satisfaction out of it. In "The Newcomes" we feel his powers oozing



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away in a succession of maudlin scenes, all a trifle uneasy, and none achieving Dickens's bright and brassy, but emotionally effective catharsis. It would be interesting to know the causes of Thackeray's deterioration as a writer, and a biography might have thrown some light on it. The present volume unluckily throws scarcely any at all.

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Liberal Points of View. Edited by H. L. NATHAN and H. HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS. With a Foreword by the RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

THE eleven addresses brought together in this book were delivered to the London Liberal Candidates' Association during the winters of 1925-6 and 1926-7 by members of the Liberal Summer Schools, and represent an important offshoot of the educational activities of that body. Major Nathan and Mr. Heathcote Williams, who have now prepared them for publication, have deserved well of their readers. The addresses, which, taking them as a whole, are singularly free from rhetoric, from loose thinking, and from irrelevance, are not, in the narrower sense of the term, "political"; they are the work of men who, masters in their respective fields, are concerned less with immediate controversial issues than with the more serious business of laying bare the character of our present discontents and of propounding remedies for them. To catalogue their names is to justify this statement. Gilbert Murray contributes "What Liberalism Stands For"; T. E. Gregory, "The Production and Distribution of Wealth"; J. A. Spender, "Liberal Foreign Policy"; W. T. Layton, "Unemployment" and "The Free Trade Movement in Europe" (with a postscript on the Geneva Economic Conference, *quorum pars magna fuit*); W. McG. Eagar, "Liberalism and the Land"; J. Stuart Hodgson, "Trade Unionism"; H. D. Henderson, "Inheritance"; J. M. Keynes, "Liberalism and Industry"; Ramsay Muir, "Liberalism and the Empire"; H. Wilson Harris, "The International Outlook." As Mr. Lloyd George indicates in his Foreword, there are here the materials "to give to a perplexed generation a fair view of the contribution which the Liberal Party is prepared to make to the solution of the urgent problems of the day."

The degree of interest which attaches to addresses of this kind, a year or two after their delivery, naturally varies. Some of them, necessarily, are more coloured than others by the mood and tendencies of the hour. Some of them, too, suggest rather that a problem is being tackled—albeit with imagination and with method—than that a final solution of it is in sight. Thus, the group of addresses dealing with industrial problems—such as those of Mr. Layton and Mr. Keynes—seem to be part of that process of "thinking aloud" which is characteristic of the Summer School method; there is no finality of conclusion about them, but there is every evidence that a ferment of new ideas is at work. Mr. Keynes, contemptuous alike of the "very extreme Conservatives, led by Sir Ernest Benn and his friends," and of the Labour Party, "tied up with all sorts of encumbering and old-fashioned baggage," is here at his outspoken best. His conclusion is worth quoting:—

"The conditions for me and for many others of sustaining any live interest in party politics are, first of all—that my party should see the broad outlines of this new industrial problem, that it should be prepared to adopt an active policy towards it, and be ready to evolve new methods and a new attitude on the part of the State, and particularly that it should be ready to co-operate with Labour whenever Labour is inclined to help with our active policy—a by no means impossible contingency unless we are going to have a Tory Government for ever."

No one has been more active than Mr. Keynes during these last few years in giving to Liberalism, viewed as a political force, the orientation here suggested.

As for the Liberal industrial programme, a comparison of the addresses here reproduced with those delivered at the Cambridge School this year, affords some indication of the rapidity with which ideas are moving. This year's addresses, admittedly, were in large measure inspired by the now almost completed activities (to which Mr. Keynes alludes) of the Liberal Industrial Committee. It will interest

any student of politics, who cares to make the comparison, to note how the tentative suggestions of individual thinkers are now being transformed, after prolonged discussion and investigation, into a coherent policy.

But if some of the contributions to this volume are of transitory significance, others are of permanent interest and importance. Professor Murray's exposition of Liberal principles (already published in the *CONTEMPORARY*) has not in our time been bettered. Not less admirable, in its way, is Mr. Spender's treatment of foreign policy. His exposure of Bismarckian diplomacy, and of the manner in which, step by step, Britain was forced into the position of disequilibrium that led her inevitably to Armageddon, is very ably done. And a special word of appreciation must be accorded to Mr. Stuart Hodgson. Faced with the problem of discussing trade unions and the Liberal attitude towards them when the events of last May were still fresh in our minds and Mr. Baldwin in travail with his anti-Jacobin legislation, he has contrived to say something that is new, true, inspiring, and repugnant only to the diehards of both camps, and to say it with great artistry. It is a pity that this address could not have been given a wider publicity during the mean-spirited and narrow-minded discussions of the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill.

MUSSOLINI

Benito Mussolini—the Man. By VANDAH JEANNE BORDEUX. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

THIS biography has warp without woof. Fascism is so vague as to be non-existent, while Mussolini the Man is quite clear. Following in the footsteps of Signora Sarfatti, Madame Bordeaux has given us the Byronic hero who turns sensible women into ecstatic females and leads to the inevitable discovery that the soul of man is impenetrable. There is a curious irrationality and meretriciousness about the whole thing. A retrospective horoscope is cast for Mussolini, and we learn that he himself was wont to go around with a revolver in one pocket and a pack of fortune-telling cards in the other, no doubt brooding over the black lady who was to bring him turmoil and sorrow, or the good fortune that was to be announced by a letter. "When people talk about temperament," Degas once said, "it always seems to me like the strong man in the fair, who straddles his legs and asks someone to step up on the palm of his hand." With the best will in the world, Madame Bordeaux does not avoid giving this impression of her hero. The more she plays him up, the more one wonders if his calves are padded. He was undoubtedly devastating to the girl-students, and as a young agitator he certainly stuck out his jaw saying, "You may beat me, but you will listen to me." He has shown hard courage on many occasions, quick decision, and lively resource. But the emphasis on his temperament, on his irresistible sweetness, on his life as "a passionate creation of ardent love," has the effect of cloying the unfortunate reader. Writing himself from the trenches on Christmas Day, 1916, Mussolini said, "I was a rough, vicious, and violent boy. Some of my contemporaries still bear the mark of my assaults. I was a truant by instinct; I would roam the river-banks from morning to night, robbing nests and stealing fruit." This account, which is borne out by the narrative, gives a better clue to the real man than any analysis by Madame Bordeaux. Her patience in going over the ground from Dovia to Forlì, describing the father and mother and showing photographs of them, and her fidelity to the facts of his uncouth, restless, solitary years as teacher and labourer, redeem the book if one can discount her enthusiasm. Mussolini is that strange combination of a sobbing tenor and a hard-headed engineer which Italy alone produces, a union of the revolutionary and the reactionary designed by Providence for the punishment of the woolly-willed, fuzzy-brained liberal bourgeois. Being a short, thick-set man in striped trousers and a black coat, whose present prosaic posture is that of the Atlas of the lira, one would hardly suppose that he could be seen purely as the tenor, but Madame Bordeaux accomplishes the miracle, showing him as a man of sorrow and wistfulness, absolutely calm in the face of any danger, absolutely alone, yet human, wanting to be understood, and drinking nothing but milk.

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But indeed, a great deal too much fuss is made about the naughtiness of the Restoration poets as a distinguishing mark. Was Sedley any naughtier than Donne, or Byron, or, for that matter, Catullus? All the ages are equal, only in some, men talk about their emotions and their amusements, and in others they do not. What is much more peculiar about these poets is their disgusting bad manners. Sedley was intolerable, perhaps the worst of the group of wits who roved the town, beating up the quarters of the ladies, or smashing astronomical apparatus in Whitehall. At the theatre he would air his criticisms in so loud a voice that people could not hear what was going on upon the stage; and he was something given to indecent exposure. Even his friends must have found him a little trying. They had a genial game of sacrifices; one of them would decide on something of theirs they should each throw away, and once when Sedley was forced to burn a beautiful lace scarf, he decided on a pretty revenge. Having a bad tooth in his head, when it came to his turn to choose, he sent for a barber-surgeon and had this tooth drawn, thus forcing each of his companions painfully to sacrifice a good one. When he was thoroughly respectable, Sedley made a bet about the siege of Namur; but he wagered on private information which he got from Dorset, so it was not a bet but a bubble. When he wanted to get rid of his wife, for whose madness he was probably at least partly responsible, he paid a large sum to have her confined in a convent abroad. All the same, to the confusion of the moralists, he was a poet.

More than one contemporary bears witness to his charm (he beat them all at seduction), and to his brilliance as a talker. He would pour out more wit at supper than went to many a comedy of his day, and he is, moreover, the *Lisideius* of the "Essay of Dramatick Poesy," which must be accounted unto him for righteousness. He was generous of his help to other writers, and larded with wit Shadwell's hungry Epsom prose. As a translator of Virgil he could, in small patches, better Dryden, and he was of a band which decided to translate Corneille, though the work did not get very far. That was the trouble with Sedley, he was altogether too dilettante, too easily content with

"One simile that solitary shines
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His more sustained efforts are hardly worth bothering about. His "Antony and Cleopatra," of which Professor Pinto quotes by no means the worst morsels, is laughable or tear-producing fustian; the "Mulberry Garden" is a bad attempt at the sort of thing Brome did so much better in his "Sparagus Garden"; and though "Bellamira" is eminently readable, it owes most of its fun to the "Eunuchus" of Terence. But as a lyrical poet he had much of the right stuff, and we all know "Not Celia, that I juster am," and "Phillis is my only joy." But there was so often more promise than performance. As a poet he is nowhere near Rochester, just as in the same way he is not fit to be mentioned as a playwright in the same breath as Etherege. His famous lines:—

"Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose,"

ought to be the opening of one of the most sublime poems ever written—but the rest had better have been silence. Yet he and his fellows had, as Professor Pinto remarks, something of that real singing quality which died at the end of the seventeenth century, not to be reborn until Burns began to write. It is for this that Sedley is valuable, and for this

that we look forward to Volume II., which will contain his works.

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in giving a clear bird's-eye view, as it were, of Spanish art as a whole. And in the case of the art of Spain, which has been affected more profoundly by foreign influences than that of any other European country, and whose characteristic national flavour is amazingly elusive and indefinable, this is no easy matter. It speaks well both for the individual contributors and for the general arrangement of the book. Turning its pages, one can catch glimpses of the evasive common denominator which connects such superficially different works as those of the Spanish Primitives, of El Greco, Velasquez, and Goya, the very beautiful thirteenth-century tomb at Zamora, much of the architecture, even the Hispano-Moresque pots and the metal-work. But how is one to define it? Is it the Spanish love of realism, of the dramatic and the violent, which forms the connecting thread? Certainly the Spanish artists during many centuries had a remarkable power of assimilating and turning to their own uses, not imitating but setting their stamp upon them, such diverse influences as the Arab and the French Gothic, the Italian and the Flemish.

Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy is Keeper of Indian and Mohammedan Art in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, and is already a well-known scholar on the subject of Indian art. This book establishes him as one of the leading authorities. Its scope is wide, its treatment detailed, concise, and exhaustive, and its author shows an amazingly extensive knowledge both of details and of general principles. He is dealing with not only Indian, but Indonesian art—that is to say, the art of Hindostan and Indo-China (Nepal, Burma, Siam, and Annam), of Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java. He includes every branch of artistic expression, architecture, sculpture, painting, textiles, metalwork, jewellery, &c., and, beginning with an Indo-Sumerian limestone statue and carved seals of between 2000 and 3000 B.C., he traces his subject elaborately and comprehensively up to the nineteenth century. The book contains about four hundred excellent plates, a very large bibliography, several maps, and an index of museums all over the world which possess important Indian artistic material, including the museums of India.

"The Woodcut of To-Day: at Home and Abroad," with a commentary by Mr. Malcolm Salaman, is the special Spring Number of "The Studio" of this year. It includes reproductions of woodcuts from many countries, nearly two hundred in all, a few in colour. Mr. Salaman is an enthusiast of the woodcut and writes about it with a rather undiscriminating admiration, for actually the proportion of those he illustrates which have any real artistic merit is very small. The woodcut has recently become a very popular and much practised branch of art, and is almost as much abused as its sister art etching. It is curious how few of those who make use of it have any real feeling for it as a medium, and what unsuitable effects they strive to make it produce. And even fewer get beyond the point of mere illustration—for which, of course, it may be, in the right hands, an excellent medium. But this book is interesting in that it gives a good idea of what is being done in wood-cutting at the present day.

Charles Meryon is the subject of the fourteenth volume of "The Studio's" excellently produced and low-priced "Masters of Etching" series. Meryon was a genuine artist. He died in 1868, before the modern fashion set in which demands little from an etching but a silky luscious surface and a picturesque subject, and his work has real distinction and originality, sound draughtsmanship and coherence of design. He is best known by his etchings of Paris, many of which are reproduced in this book.

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and interesting enough in detail if familiar and even trite in its main theory.

"Theory" is the inevitable word. For, though the author of "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher" brings his heaviest guns into play against theories in general, he remains a theorist himself. He has, however, been a practical—or, at least, an experimental—theorist; and for many readers the most interesting part of his book will be the chapter of autobiography with which it opens. Born in 1880 in Russian Livonia, Count Keyserling suffered as a child from the inferiority complex, and his life was rudderless until he read Houston Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" and met the author in Vienna.

"In his nature, closely related to mine in many respects, I believed that I saw myself, such as I really was, in a mirror. . . . I rightly recognized in him the artist nature which was in me, and in this wise discovered a relationship towards my own especial structure. Thus of a sudden I learned to see as of positive value that which till then I had considered inferior: my feminine sensitiveness, my emotionalism, in brief, all that which, gauged by the ideal of the masterful man of action no less than by the ideal of the loftily clear scholar that my grandfather had been, was a minus quantity."

For a time, the Count gave free rein to the "artist-understander" in himself, and became so abstracted from the everyday world that when the Russian Revolution of 1905 occurred he assumed that he had lost all his possessions, though this turned out not to be the fact. He spent two years, however, "in the conviction of complete poverty—an experience which was later to prove very useful." In 1908, another important change in his life took place. The active side of his nature, so long repressed, asserted itself again, and caused him to take over his ancestral estate in Rayküll as farmer and forester. We cannot follow all the subsequent phases of the Count's development. Eventually he found "the whole secret" of his "stimulative energy" in the tension between the passive and active sides of his nature—"between desire [for solitude] and mission." Having thus come at last to understand himself, he founded the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, where he endeavours to be "an orchestral conductor of the spirit," guiding others to find that inner self-realization which, he maintains, can alone bring individual and corporate harmony.

For corporal salvation can only come through individual salvation. That is the core of Count Keyserling's teaching. "A man is able to save others precisely by living for himself," because "the best way to study universal truths is to study oneself." The world is in chaos because men have striven after "objective achievement" instead of "personal perfection." Intellect, which is "only part of the complete man," has been overrated; we have been slaves to theories and creeds and programmes; and knowledge and philosophy have been mistaken for wisdom. What we need is less "ability" and more "being"—"the living soul as opposed to the concept of abstract man."

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE new volume in the Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature is "Letters and Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne" (Routledge, 10s. 6d.). Two other interesting books of French memoirs or biography are "The Secret Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès, 1784-1838," edited by Robert Chantmesse (Cape, 16s.), and "Princesses, Ladies, and Salonnières of the Reign of Louis XV.," by Thérèse Latour (Kegan Paul, 15s.)

"The Letters of Richard Wagner," selected and edited by Professor W. Altmann, translated by M. M. Bozman (Dent, 2 vols., £1 1s.), is a new volume in Dent's International Library of Music.

"The Evolution of the English Hymn," by Frederick John Gillman, with an Introduction by Sir Walford Davies (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), is a study of the development of the hymn from the first century to the present day.

"The Treasury," by Sir Thomas Heath (Putnam, 7s. 6d.), is a new volume in the Whitehall Series.

In the "History of the Great War" there has just been published a further volume: "Military Operations, Vol. III., France and Belgium, 1915" (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.).



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The Business Man's Guide to Printing. By CHARLES C. KNIGHTS. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

This is an excellent handbook and should prove very valuable to everyone who has to "buy print" and has no expert knowledge. It gives exactly the kind of information, required by the layman, about the processes of reproduction. Mr. Knights is a great believer in the Pantone process and its future, a process which is not as widely known as it deserves. Its advantages are clearly described in this book. The other reproductive processes are fully dealt with, and there is excellent advice on paper, estimates, economies, &c.

Contraception: Its Theory, History, and Practice. A Manual for the Medical and Legal Professions. By DR. MARIE STOPES. Second Edition. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson. 15s.)

This is a new and enlarged edition of a book which should be read and kept for reference by every medical practitioner and by all those married people who are capable of using medical knowledge with discrimination. On the practical side the book is admirable and unique, but it is rather a pity that the invaluable information it contains should be mixed up with questionable economics, and an unwarranted depreciation of the work of Malthus.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Serenus, and Other Stories. By JULES LEMAITRE. Translated by A. W. EVANS. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d.)

We suspect that these stories have suffered in translation. Not that the translation is bad. It is fair, even if it might have been much better. But in English, without the delicate suggestiveness of the French in this kind of writing, only the skeleton is left, and that is always rather slight. "Serenus" is a story of the early Christian martyrs. Much of its interest is derived from the fascination the period has for us. There is quite a good picture of a cultured and humane Roman patrician in the time of Domitian. Serenus becomes a Christian for love of his sister, but retains his paganism to the end. Centuries later he is made a saint and looked upon as a martyr. The irony fails to emerge with the necessary force, and the whole idea shrinks to nothing in the inevitable comparison with the story of the life and canonization of Sainte Ornerose in "L'Ile des Pingouins." We cannot agree with Anatole France that "Serenus" will ever be thought as significant as "Candide." The other tales range from continuations of Greek legends to modern sketches. "Nausicaa" is about the adventures of Telemachus, who set off to find the princess of his father's wanderings, but was delayed on the way by Polyphemus (cured of his blindness), Circe, and the Lotus Eaters. He reached his love as an old man and found her an old woman. Abjuration of wealth in the modern world is the theme of "A Conscience." The work in general is remarkable for little except its suggestion of an exquisite culture.

The Eternal Honeymoon. By SEWELL STOKES. (Parsons. 7s. 6d.)

The theme of this story is prostitution. The author makes no bones about it. Tina Rylands takes to prostitution as a boy will take to the sea. The call of the streets is in her blood (her mother was a prostitute before her). An

orphan, fresh from one of the best boarding schools in the country, she decided on her career. "Also she had an unbounded enthusiasm for what she was about to do, and that counted for a great deal." She sallied forth to Piccadilly by way of Shaftesbury Avenue. She reserved the right of choice, not being in immediate need of money. Besides, she wanted to rise from the pavement to the palace. In Coventry Street she was picked up by Cecil Atkins. He was the first lover, and there were several more. The moral is that Tina finished where she began, a little older, still haunting Leicester Square, embittered and disillusioned, her desires limited to a good dinner. All this is very uninspired, uninspiring, and sordid. In "Crime and Punishment," Sonia's prostitution is divine; but we are a long way from Sonia with Tina. Tina is out for sexual satisfaction and pleasure. It is a pity that her legitimate claims were not represented with more skill and subtlety by her creator.

Mr. Essington in Love. By J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

This is another of "The Lunatic at Large" series. It has been preceded by some four books, and there is no reason why it should not be followed by twice as many, provided Mr. Clouston's ingenuity holds out. And as he cannot be said to put too much strain on his ingenuity in fashioning his plot and characters, it should hold out for some time yet. In this story, the lunatic, Mr. Essington, falls in love with Miss Eve, who keeps a tobacconist's at Brighton. He also goes, disguised as a Soviet agent, to the Perrins's country house. The Perrins are very advanced. In fact, with Beryl, Mr. Essington is in danger of being vamped away from Eve. His adventures, in this capacity, are very amusing and the dialogue is funny. Mr. Clouston is nothing if not competent. There is nothing original about him. He is content with the stock figures, the stock butler and the stock man-about-town. He is satisfied with making butts of unwashed Bolsheviks and English communists. But he is lively, he is never actually boring, and among writers of his kind he is by no means the least entertaining. The pictured wrapper is one of the jolliest we have ever seen.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL has an article in the "Contemporary Review" on "Liberals and the Labour Movement." "A distinction is to be drawn," he writes, "between the Labour Movement and the Labour Party. Liberalism may continue to be in general agreement with the one while it is at variance with the other. . . . I suggest that . . . the right policy for Liberalism to adopt in relation to the Labour Movement is to continue the policy that it would have adopted if a separate Labour Party had never come into existence. Its policy should not be made more drastic than the conditions would justify, in the hope of competing with the Labour Party's programme; nor should it be allowed to become enfeebled through the fact that many of those who care most deeply for social reform have joined the other party." James Corbett writes in the "Fortnightly Review" on the "Liberal Land Policy," an answer to the criticisms of Judge Atherton-Jones. Viscount Astor has an article in the "Nineteenth Century" on "The Reform of the House of Lords."

There are two articles on Geneva in the "Contemporary Review," one by Lord Parmoor, and the other by Wilson Harris. George Glasgow devotes the greater part of his space in the same paper to a discussion of the Protocol and Arbitration. Stephen Gwynn in his monthly commentary in the "Fortnightly Review" describes the effect on the French Press of our attitude at the last Assembly.

On Foreign and Colonial affairs we have: "The Central Area of Africa and the Mandate Principle," by Colonel Swayne ("Contemporary Review"); "French Methods in Northern Africa," by Major Polson Newman ("Fortnightly"); "Fascism in its Relation to Freedom," by Maude Petre ("Nineteenth Century"); and "Saad Pasha Zaghlul," by Owen Tweedie ("Fortnightly"). The "Fortnightly" also publishes an account of the Battle of Jutland by Admiral Scheer. Dr. G. P. Gooch has an interesting article on Prince Max of Baden in the "Contemporary Review."

It is difficult for an English mind to grasp the principles which inspire the "American Mercury." There seems to be no doubt that it has a strong policy; there is the constant feature "Americana," where Mr. Mencken arranges under sarcastic headings the more fatuous utterances of local papers all over the country. There are always one or two articles on unedifying aspects of the American scene. "Bah-

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CASSELL'S



bitry" of all sorts is patiently and mercilessly pilloried. This month there is a particularly devastating article on American war psychosis by George Seibel. Now we are not so stupid or so conceited as to enjoy this sort of thing, amusing as it is, with a free conscience; though our imbecilities may not be the same as the American ones, we can parallel them. But, just as we are settling down to be enlightened with Mr. Mencken we fall on an article such as "Under Which Flag?" by Frederick Bausman in this month's issue, printed without comment and apparently in all seriousness, which contains many sentences as grotesque as any in "Americana," and which is a violent Hymn of Hate against England. A month or two ago Mr. Mencken himself did something of the same sort for France. It is disconcerting.

There have been signs here and there in the papers for some time that Prince Mirsky did not mean to allow us to continue our Chekhov worship in peace. Now in the "Monthly Criterion" with "Chekhov and the English" he strikes his blow. Cunningly he brackets our enthusiasm for Chekhov with the present French enthusiasm for Meredith, and, having thus made us a little flurried and self-conscious, proceeds to a masterly piece of criticism. D. H. Lawrence writes in the same paper the first part of an essay called "Flowery Tuscany." T. S. Eliot discusses "Mr. Middleton Murry's Synthesis." There is a story by M. C. Chambers.

This number of "The Enemy" contains "Paleface," by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, "the result of a careful study of some of the books that appear to have most influence on the mind of contemporary America. . . . The state of mind here examined is correlated to similar tendencies in England." It is impossible in the short space of time which lies between writing and reading a month's supply of magazines to do more than appreciate generally the brilliance and honesty which informs this essay.

The case is the same for "Transition," so far as its most important contributions, such as Mr. James Joyce's "Continuation of a Work in Progress," are concerned. This is not to be intelligible, at all events on a first reading. Miss Laura Riding's "In a Café"—short enough to allow of re-reading—is both witty and subtle. The "easy" pieces on the other hand, are rather disappointingly ordinary, and even amateurish.

The "Cornhill Magazine" contains "The Tennysons at Farringford: A Victorian Vista," from the papers of Mrs. James Fields, and "Modern Egypt: Every Man's Land," by Ian Hay.

The "Yale Review" has an article on "Stabilizing National Prosperity," by Virgil Jordan. Mrs. Woolf contributes an essay called "Street Haunting."

The popular article in "Science Progress" for this quarter is "A Vegetable Mother," by "A Sisal Planter," and there is an interesting Essay-Review on "The Influence of Sir Patrick Manson on the Practice of Medicine in the Tropics," by J. G. Thomson.

"The Review of English Studies," another erudite Quarterly, has "Act and Scene Divisions in the Plays of Shakespeare," by Professor Dover Wilson, and a paper on "Anglo-American Cultivation of Standard English," by J. H. G. Grattan.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy writes in the "Empire Review" on "Being Ugly," and the "Books as Links of Empire" article in the same paper is this month devoted to "Newton and the Principia," by A. R. Forsyth.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

H.M.V. RECORDS

ALL intelligent gramophonists speak with something like reverence of the Schubert Trio record played by Cortot, Thibaud, and Casals, whenever the relative merits of different productions are being discussed. It is perhaps the high-water mark of Chamber Music on the gramophone. Now the H.M.V. have produced another work played by the same three players. It has the same perfection of playing, the same beauty of tone, but, alas! it is all too short. It is Haydn's charming Trio in G major (Two 10-in. records. DA985-6. 6s. each). Not only do these three great star musicians each shine superbly, but their brilliance harmonizes perfectly. It is a record which everyone should enjoy.

There is a good pianoforte record in which Moisevitsh plays four Etudes of Chopin, E flat major, Op. 10, No. 11; C sharp minor, Op. 10, No. 4; A flat major, Op. 10, No. 10, and F major, Op. 25, No. 3. The playing is admirable, and the tone excellent (D1248. 4s. 6d.).

We confess to some affection for the Russian balalaika. Kiriloff's Balalaika Orchestra plays two pieces well suited to that instrument, a Ukrainian Potpourri and "Kazbech" (B2596. 3s.). Percy Heming sings two rather sentimental songs in "The Devout Lover" and "Joggin' along the Highway" (B2514. 3s.). The modern American song beats ours for sentimentality, but the singers often have an individuality which makes up for much. "Muddy Water," sung by Gene Austin, and "Aint that a grand and glorious feeling?" sung by Johnny Marvin, are good American examples. "Popular Successes of 1927" is a good potpourri of fox-trots, played by the Savoy Orpheans (B5329. 3s.). Another fox-trot record is "Red lips, kiss my blues away," and "South Wind," Charles Dornberger and Roger Wolfe Kahn (B5325. 3s.).

COLUMBIA RECORDS

THE Columbia has a very good selection of instrumental records this month. Many people will welcome the Brahms Waltzes, Op. 39, Nos. 1-16, pianoforte duet by Edith Barn and V. Cernikoff (Three 12-in. records. 9230-2. 4s. 6d. each). It is an excellent piano record, and the playing is good. Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, a favourite, is played with great skill and individuality by Ignaz Friedman (L1990. 6s. 6d.), also a good but rather hackneyed piano record. A charming organ record is Bach's Fugue, Alla Gigue, played in Glasgow Cathedral by Herbert Walton; on the other side is Schubert's "Ave Maria" (9229. 4s. 6d.). Mr. Squire plays on the 'cello "La Provençale" and "Sleepy Song," pleasant but not very distinguished music (D1582. 4s. 6d.), and Joseph Szigeti shows his execution on the violin in Paganini's Caprice No. 24 (D1581. 4s. 6d.).

There is only one orchestral record, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," "Queen Mab" Scherzo, played by the Hallé Orchestra, a brilliant if somewhat thin record (L1989. 6s. 6d.). The vocal records are excellent. The best is the two superb songs from Mozart's "Magic Flute," "O Voice of Magic Melody" and "O Loveliness Beyond Compare," sung by Heddle Nash, tenor (9228. 4s. 6d.). Capiton Zaporozetz gives a good rendering of Moussorgsky's grim "Song of the Flea," though not as artistic as the great Chaliapin's, and of the well-known Russian song "Drinking" (L1991. 6s. 6d.). Maria Gentile and other singers with the Scala Chorus are as brilliant as ever in "D'un Pensieri" from Bellini's "La Sonnambula," and the Sextette from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" (L1992. 6s. 6d.), and even more so in the concerted finales to Acts 2 and 3 of Verdi's "Aida" (D1580. 4s. 6d.). Mr. Harold Williams, baritone, sings a very good negro convict song in "Water Boy," and on the other side "Gwine Away" (4458. 3s.).

BELTONE RECORDS.

JOHN MATHEWSON sings two good good traditional songs in "The Bonnie Earl o' Moray" and "When the Kye Comes Hame" (6081. 3s.). The 2s. 6d. records include: a selection from Puccini's "La Boheme," played by the Beltone Military Band (1262); "An Old Fashioned Chap" and "Hail Caledonia!" sung by Hugh Ogilvie (1253); "I'll Just Go Along" and "Side by Side," sung by Jack Murray (with guitar and ukelele) and Peter Andrews respectively (1254); "John Peel" and "Cumberland Way," sung by Elliot Dobie, bass (1227); "Where the Wild Flowers Grow" and "So Blue," Sunny South Orchestra, fox-trots (1257).

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

FOREIGN LOANS AND BRAZIL—CELANESE AND GRAMOPHONES—NORTH AMERICAN.

THERE will shortly be issued jointly in New York, London, and on the Continent a £20,000,000 stabilization loan for Brazil. This will be the first important issue on the London market since the "close" season. As everyone knows, our ability to lend abroad has been seriously impaired by our increasingly unfavourable balance of trade. We have, therefore, to pick and choose our foreign loans more carefully. The "powers" in the City have, for example, already frowned upon the attempted borrowing of some German municipalities. But Brazil is essentially of the class of borrowers who can take our manufactured goods and supply us with raw materials. Brazil has probably far greater natural resources than any country in the world. But development is painfully slow, and any loan which helped the economic development of the country would probably pass a British board of censorship, if there were one, of foreign loans. It may be, as the editor of *THE NATION* has suggested, that we shall in effect be borrowing from abroad in the "short" money market in order to lend abroad "long." But the difficulties of our present position will be recognized to this extent—that New York will be raising the greater part of the loan.

This new loan is for the purpose of putting Brazil back on a gold currency. The milreis was legally stabilized last December at slightly under 6d. (pre-war value 1s. 4d.), and since then the Bank of Brazil has been "pegging" the exchange round that figure. (M. Poincaré should note that in some countries legal stabilization has preceded *de facto* stabilization.) But there have been difficulties. The balance of foreign trade has been adverse to Brazil this year, and her foreign obligations have been increased by the resumption of sinking funds on the sterling loans. Internal trade is depressed, and money is tight. If there is a fall in the price of coffee there is always the danger, seeing that coffee accounts for the bulk of the export trade, of Brazil not being able to meet its foreign obligations. But that is a risk which can only be minimized if Brazil secures foreign loans to enable her to develop other natural resources. If at the same time British trade with Brazil is likely to be helped there is much to be said for responding to this stabilization loan. Backed with the proceeds of this loan in addition to existing gold holdings, a new gold coin will be put into circulation, and Brazil will finally join the blessed company of the gold standard.

How far has American money come into the London Stock Exchange and accentuated the "boom" in certain industrial shares? It is significant that the most spectacular rises have occurred in the shares of securities belonging to three groups with which, as foreign industrials, the American operator is most familiar. We refer to the Celanese group (British Celanese, American Celanese, and Canadian Celanese), the gramophone group (Columbia Graphophone which has a subsidiary in America and the Gramophone Company which is the English subsidiary of the American Victor Talking Machine), and the Swedish Match group—Swedish Match, Kreuger & Toll. International Match and Swedish-American Investment—the two last being American Companies. There is not only a flow of American balances to London to take advantage of higher money rates, but a flow of American savings into foreign industrial investments which enjoy free markets on the London Stock Exchange. It is difficult to say whether on this account the appreciation in these three groups of securities has been overdone, but the following figures will show that in a few cases the rise has been phenomenal:—

	Shares.	Mar. 31.	June 30	Oct. 4
British Celanese ord.	10/-	7/6	25/-	110/6
" 7½ per cent. Pref.	£1	11/6	21/9	36/6
American Celanese	no par val.	£21½	55	23½ (=91)
Canadian Celanese	no par val.	£8	13	16½
Columbia Graphophone	10/-	67/-	100/6	123/-
Gramophone	£1	78/9	100/-	117/3
Swedish Match "B"	100kr.	16½	16	19½
Kreuger & Toll "B"	100kr.	31½	37	41½
International Match Par. Pref.	\$35	70	73½	89½

It will be seen that £100 invested in British Celanese ordinary last March would now be worth £1,373.

There is something to be said in favour of the rise in British Celanese. The Company has a capital of £5,400,000 in £4,250,000 participating preference shares of £1, and £1,150,000 ordinary shares of 10s. Dr. Dreyfus stated in June: "We earn about £70,000 a month already, and probably in the course of the year it will be £100,000 a month." His latest statement is that production will be doubled by the beginning of next year. A royalty has been payable to the International Holdings Company of 3 per cent. on sales up to £3,000,000 per annum, and of 1 per cent. on sales exceeding that figure. This royalty has now been cancelled for a cash consideration exceeding £1,000,000, and British Celanese will shortly issue convertible debentures to finance this deal. When the prospectus appears we hope that it will contain some forecast of the future earnings. The participating preference shares are obviously the "safer" purchase at 36s. 6d., as they carry nearly 6s. arrears of dividend. American Celanese and Canadian Celanese we recommended as speculative purchases when they were respectively £30 and £9½ and American Celanese when they were 20s.

As regards the Gramophone group the American shareholders of Victor Talking Machine have the official statement that the earnings of the Gramophone Company for the year to June would be greater than for any previous period. The market is discounting an increase in dividends from 20 per cent. to 35 per cent., which would require £381,000 against £305,000 available for the ordinary shares last year. The shares seem high enough for the present at 117s. 3d., and when the final dividend is announced this month a reaction is not unlikely. In the case of Columbia Graphophone, the market seems to be discounting an increase in dividends from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. This would require £278,000 on the increased capital against a balance of £160,000 available for the ordinary shares last year. Such an increase is not impossible for the Company seeing that its profits last year did not include any income from its foreign subsidiaries but were derived entirely from the sale of goods made in its English factories. It is best to purchase Columbia Graphophone shares always after one of the periodic reactions. Holders should not think of parting with their shares at this stage of the Company's expansion, although the yield on a 60 per cent. dividend basis would be only £4 17s. per cent. With the rise in the Swedish Match group we will deal next week.

The common stock of North American, one of the most important public utility companies in the United States, which we recommended in *THE NATION* of September 3rd at \$54, has risen sharply to \$64. The question arises: How can it be determined when this stock is over-valued seeing that the Company pays stock dividends of 10 per cent., and that as long as the market price does not fall the yield can never be less than 10 per cent. Public utility stocks generally sell in New York at ten to fifteen times the annual earnings. We have said that the real earnings of North American are over \$6 per share so that the current price of the stock is about ten times the earnings.

